

THE  
ADVENTURES

OF AN  
ACTOR,

IN THE  
CHARACTERS

OF A  
MERRY-ANDREW, A METHODIST-  
PREACHER, AND A FORTUNE-TELLER.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

*" Sit mihi fas audita loqui; sit numine vestro  
" Pandere res alta terra et caligine mersas."* VIRG.

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THE  
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CHAP. I.

*Short Account of Mr. MERRYMAN the Actor.—His Expedition in the Country.—Reduced to Distress.—Meets with a Brother-Actor, near Bradford.—Is engaged as a Pickle-Herring.—Account of the Quack-Doctor's Appearance on the Stage.—The prodigious Success he met with.*

IT is no uncommon thing for the greatest men to meet with misfortunes, and to be reduced to the  
B                      extremest

extremest distresses. Among *these* may be reckoned JACK MERRYMAN the Actor. JACK had for many years belonged to one of the *London* theatres, and had acted some characters in comedy with no inconsiderable degree of success: but the character he most excelled in was that of HARLEQUIN, which his great agility, life and spirit enabled him to appear in to particular advantage.

JACK, during the summer season, had made an excursion in the country, and joined a travelling company in the west of *England*, not many miles from *Bath*; but meeting such ill success, that he was obliged to sell some of his moveables, to keep himself

himself out of a strong house he had often before visited, he determined on returning to *London*; and accordingly set out in the character of a Pedestrian, his finances not allowing any other mode of travelling.

PUTTING up at a public-house on the road, near *Bradford*, he met there a person he thought he knew. His voice was quite familiar to him, and he was just going to address him, when the other observed to the landlord, that he had met with an irreparable misfortune in his loss, and was afraid he must be obliged to drop his business there for want of him.

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JACK now looked at this person, who was dressed in a black suit of velvet, and a most enormous perriwig, more attentively; which the other observing, came to him, and giving him a hearty shake by the hand, cried out,

*“How fares the noble partner of my soul?”*

JACK now knew him to be a brother comedian, who belonged to the same theatre in *London*; but wondering to see him in such a dress, and asking the cause of the metamorphosis; his friend told him, that the company he had gone to in the country, having met with no success, some of them had returned to *London*, others had sought to mend their fortunes

fortunes in other companies, some had turned Methodist-preachers, and others had been sent to prison for debt; but for his part, he had commenced physician, and thanked his G—, he had met with great success. “One thing only,” continued the doctor, “concerns me. My poor “Pickle-Herring, without whom a “travelling physician is no better “than a parson without his Bible, “died last night, and I know not “how to supply his place.”

JACK was glad to find his friend in so prosperous a situation, and congratulated him upon it. They now compared notes more minutely; talked over all their affairs; and, in



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conclusion, JACK offered his service to his friend, to perform the part of the poor deceased Pickle-Herring.

THIS offer was gladly accepted, the terms were agreed on, and that evening was to be the first time of JACK's acting the character, in the town of *Bradford*.

SEVEN o'clock arriving, and it being a fine summer evening, JACK, equipped in his proper habiliments, that is to say, the HARLEQUIN's dress that had been worn by the late actor, mounted the rostrum, and performed his part so dextrously, with tags of plays, some sentences he had been previously instructed in by the doctor,

tor, and some witticisms of his own, that he delighted every one. The old men and old women stared at him through their spectacles, and the young ones declared that MERRYMAN was the merriest fellow in the world. The doctor then appeared with his pills and his packets, and in a very learned manner represented his own superior abilities; told the audience, " that his *scientific*  
 " *knowledge* was gained by his travelling night and day through the  
 " huge folios of *medical physicians*,  
 " and by practising all the manual  
 " operations of *pblebotomy* and *pharmacy*; by his curing the king of  
 " *Spain* of a most dreadful disorder  
 " in the *head*, and the empress of

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“ *Russia* of one she had contracted in  
“ *another part.*” There were many  
other cures he mentioned ; but he  
concluded, with pathetically lament-  
ing the *lamentable decay* of physic,  
which wanted the most noble resto-  
rative medicines to cure her *consump-*  
*tion* ; and this, he observed, no man  
in the world lent such a helping  
hand to as he did. For proof of  
this, he pulled out of a large bag  
vials and boxes innumerable, and  
told them they were PANDORA’S  
*pills*, full of healthful virtues, which  
would insinuate themselves into the  
very heart of man, and purge it of  
all its *secretions*. Nay, he affirmed,  
that such was their *occult-quality*,  
they might be kept ten years in a  
house,

house, without their virtue being *discovered*, for they acted in an imperceptible manner; the effluvia proceeding from them being so subtle, that no sooner were they admitted into a house, than those effluvia flew through the pores of the glass and wood, and dilating themselves in every part, expelled all noxious vapours, and attracted by their magnetic quality the southern breezes, even from the highest clouds; while disease and anguish, and low spirits and Vertigo's flew before them, as infernal spirits are forced to fly before the celestial.

He ended; and ADMIRATION lifted up her hands in extacy, at hearing

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ing *such* an oration, and possessing *such* a doctor. The packets and pills were called for from all quarters; and happy was he that could get them first. In a few minutes they were all sold; and the doctor and his Merry-Andrew retired, exulting at their success, and resolving to regale themselves sumptuously on the spoils of the credulous public.

C H A P.



## C H A P. II.

*In what manner the doctor and his Pickle-Herring continued to impose on the eyes and understandings of the people of Bradford.—The doctor's harangue to the gaping populace.—How he made the paralytic whole, the blind see, the deaf hear, and the lame walk.---He is looked on as the ablest physician in the world.*

**I**T would be too tedious to give a minute account of the particular transactions of the doctor and his Pickle-Herring, for the space of a month: suffice it, they met with extraordinary success, and feasted voluptuously

luptuously on their acquisitions ; for they both had an exquisite taste for dissipation and luxury, and never suffered any thoughts of the past or future to intrude themselves, to destroy the relish for the present hour.

THEY then resolved to strike a bolder stroke ; and engaging five or six poor fellows from a distant part, to pretend themselves violently afflicted with the tooth-ach, blindness, deafness, &c. the doctor was to call them out of the crowd, make them ascend his stage, and then instantaneously cure them of their several maladies.

THIS

THIS was happily effected. One day, while the doctor was in the middle of his harangue, he was interrupted by the groans of several of the spectators. The people assembled made many signs to the afflicted, not to feel any pain while the oration lasted; but when it was over, they might complain as much as they would. These signs, and exhortations added to them, were of no avail: the people made wry mouths, groaned incessantly, twisted their bellies, and convulsed their features. The doctor was a *man*;—he could not hear their groans, or think upon their pains, unmoved. “Poor people!” cried he, “I pity ye from the bottom of

C

“ my

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“ my soul—I sympathize with your  
“ sufferings—I am formed of a *feel-*  
“ *ing* nature---I will feel your *pulses*  
“ presently---I will *bleed* ye, depend  
“ on’t, and take away that fulness  
“ of blood which makes ye so ill.  
“ Here! you fellow there in the  
“ brown coat! come here. I will  
“ chase away your pain.---And you  
“ others,” continued he, pointing  
to some more people, “ come  
“ here, and I will banish away all  
“ your disorders,” as effectually as  
“ Sol’s *meridian* rays banish away  
“ the fogs of the *morning*, that *gild*  
“ the misty mountain tops !”

IMMEDIATELY several people were  
helped to ascend the stage. And  
first,

first, a man with his head bound up, and apparently tortured to the utmost degree by a raging tooth-ach, made his appearance. The doctor looked at him, heaved a deep sigh, and said, "Poor man! the tooth-ach is dreadfully painful, yet never pitied but by *feeling* hearts like mine."——He then looked on some others; made a short remark on each; stationed them in rank; and then began another oration. He informed them, he had cured more people than any "seven seventh sons unborn doctors" had ever done; that the most potent potentates had experienced his skill; that DISEASE looked on him as his most bitter enemy, and had even



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threatened to attack his *life*, but he would resist him as long as he could *stand or breathe*; that though some people might call him by the degrading name of Empiric, it was his solicitude for the good of the public that made him travel, for he could live on the pension allowed him by the empress of *Russia* for the cure he had made on her: but all private considerations, he told them, weighed with him as the dust of the balance, when opposed to the good of the community; and that was the reason of his selling a medicine for six-pence, which other physicians would charge a couple of guineas for; and pills for a penny a-piece, which were fairly worth a pound.

Having

Having finished his speech, he told them, he would give them specimens of his abilities, on the man afflicted with the tooth-ach; on a man that had been blind from his birth; on a deaf man; a paralytic; and a lame man.

FIRST then, he began with the blind man.---Going up to him, he asked him, if he had ever applied for assistance to any one? The man told him he had; that he had been to many eminent physicians, but all of them had pronounced him incurable; that, despairing of any relief, he had for many years given over all thoughts of applying to any others of the faculty; but that hear-

ing of the doctor's great skill and fame, in curing the *incurable*, he had presumed to ask his advice, and request his aid to cure him of a pain he was subject to in his eyes; but as to the recovery of his sight, he said, he was sure all the art of men or angels would be insufficient to effect it.

THE doctor told him,---and appealed to the spectators for the truth of it,---that nothing was impossible to G---; that for his own part, he pretended to be nothing more than an instrument in his hands; but he thanked his G--- for enduing him with better abilities than any man, for the restoration of sight.

He

He then informed the blind, that despair was a sin of a very heinous nature, and he was sorry he had entertained so sorry a guest. He said, he would try what he could do for his relief; "but take notice," "good people," said he, "if I succeed, it is not to *me*, you ought to "compute so great a miracle, but to "the power of G—— that worketh "in me, both to will and to do it."

THE spectators were now in raptures with the doctor. They found he was not only a learned and skilful, but a pious man, that was not puffed up with his own performances, like some *profane* physicians, but who looked on his own best

works as on filthy rags, or a men-  
struous cloth, as queen ESTHER  
calls the diadem on her head, and  
imputed to his MAKER the good  
things he was permitted to do.

THE doctor then assumed a *very*  
grave and solemn air; deliberately  
took out a case of instruments from  
his black velvet coat pocket; looked  
at the man's eye attentively; wiped  
his face; and began the operation.  
He applied one instrument to the  
man's eye, then another; seemed to  
be very skilful in the handling  
them, but expressed some doubt of  
his success. The man, in the mean-  
time, bore the operation very well,  
but at certain times would give a  
gentle



gentle twitch, and cry, *Ab!* or *Ob!* After this work had continued for about fix or seven minutes, the man opened his eyes, rolled them wildly about, then starting from the doctor, he cried in extacy, "I see! "I see!"

THE populace were now amazed. They had never beheld so dextrous an operation before. They were convinced there was no imposition in the case. They plainly saw the man was blind. They saw him led up to the wonder-working doctor. They heard him declare, he had been born blind, and that the most eminent physicians in *England* had been unable to cure him: of course there-

therefore, they concluded, that the wonderful physician before them was, as himself modestly told them, the greatest artist in the world. They gave him great credit for his piety in ascribing the work to his MAKER; and they praised God, for giving such power unto *man*.

THE man afflicted with the palsy was next taken in hand. After him successively the man afflicted with the tooth-ach, the deaf man, and the lame man;---and the doctor cured them all as effectually and speedily as he had cured the blind man.

OPINION

OPINION was now lost in certainty, and doubt gave way to conviction. After seeing such marvellous works, they must have been infidels indeed to have questioned the doctor's skill; and it would have been a sin against conscience, to have ascribed them to any other power than the doctor modestly ascribed them. They saw the blind restored to the use of his eyes; the lame one, to his legs; the deaf man, to his ears; and the paralytic, to his limbs. What could they wish for, or desire more?

In short, the doctor was cried up by all as a prodigy of nature, and the favourite of heaven; and happy was  
that

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that person that had six-pence to purchase a packet!---An invaluable packet of medicines, that would chase away all disorders to which flesh is heir; revive the drooping roses on the faded cheek; give lustre to the eyes, and pleasure to the heart!

**C H A P.**

## C H A P. III.

*The Pickle-Herring decamps with great Precipitation from Bradford, owing to a little mistake made by the Doctor —---In what manner he is looked on by the people in some villages through which he passed---He is hunted by some dogs, and affords excellent diversion---Mock-Heroic Description of a battle between him and the dogs, in imitation of Homer---The event of the combat.*

AS we often see clouds obscure the fairest day, so the most prosperous circumstances of human  
D life



life are frequently destroyed by the intervention of some unlucky affair, which as we could never have even dreamed of, it is impossible we should have provided against.

So proved it with our Quack-Doctor and Pickle-Herring. The Doctor had been sent for to three children of an eminent tradesman at *Bradford-Leigh*, near the town of *Bradford*, who being a warm Methodist, had conceived a great regard for the Doctor for his *modesty* and *piety*; and this latter administered some medicines, which having no effect, he gave them some others of a stronger nature. These proved efficacious; for in three hours after  
3 they

they were taken, they carried off the poor children into the regions of eternity.

ALARMED, and almost distracted at their children's death; the fond parents sent for a Surgeon in the town, who, on inspecting their bodies, declared they were poisoned.

GRIEF absorbed all other passions, and almost took away the senses of the unhappy father and mother; but the Surgeon, making a more minute enquiry into the affair, and finding they had been weak enough to intrust their children's lives in the hands of the Quack-Doctor, who had considerably injured his own

practice, by depriving him of his patients, turned short upon his heels, and walked off, declaring they had been rightly served.

A THIRST of revenge soon took possession of the parents hearts, and made them threaten to pull destruction on the Quack-Doctor's head. They sent for a Constable, who taking with him some followers, properly armed, to prevent a rescue, went into the market-place, where the unsuspecting ÆSCULAPIUS was then exhibiting, resolving to carry him, his Pickle-Herring, and his Clown, instantly to gaol.

As

As they were mounting the stage, the Doctor was haranguing, as usual, on the greatness of his abilities, and the felicity the town enjoyed in being favoured with his company. He was immediately seized; but Pickle-Herring, hearing one of them cry out, "I arrest you for murder," darted over the head of the man next him, jumped off the stage, and ran away with all the precipitation fear could furnish.

HE knew it was not safe for him to go to his lodgings for his cloaths; but to make off across the country as fast as possible: And though he was certain he could not be so severely handled as his coadjutor, he

knew he might be pilloried, whipped and imprisoned, which he had no inclination for, and which punishments therefore he would not brave.

ON his arriving at a village, called *Staverton*, about two miles from *Bradford*, he found himself quite tired, and out of breath, for he had run all the way as fast as he possibly could. Entering into a public-house, he called for a pint of beer, resolving to drink it instantly, and then pursue his journey; but he had not been there above two minutes, before all the children in the place had assembled in the house, and before the door, admiring



admiring his extraordinary dress, and wondering what strange man it was that made such a comical appearance.

HAVING drank his beer, and being somewhat refreshed, he would have pursued his journey thence with the same pace he had arrived thither; but whatever inclination he had to it, or whatever consequences might attend his not doing it, he could only go a very slow pace 'till he had got at some distance from the house, he was so obstructed by the crowding of men, women, boys and girls, whom the report of a wild man, or monster, being

being seen drinking at the public house, had drawn together.

BEING at length somewhat quit of them, he began running at the Devil of a rate, the crowd, in the mean-time, staring at him; and with uplifted eyes and hands, blessing themselves at such an extraordinary monster of a man; wondering what the deuce he could be, or where he was going; and crying out, "Odds-vackins! Neighbour JAHN! dost zee the veller yander in the vool's kuoat, running zo vast by Gaffar GURTON's, barkin?"

PICKLE-

PICKLE-HERRING, however, being light of foot, and fear adding wings to his speed, outstripped the wind. He had soon arrived at another village called *Hilperton*, which being a long, straggling place, he could not so soon pass through, notwithstanding his agility, but that a hue and cry was raised by some boys that were at play in the town, which quickly brought out all the old men and women from their spinning-wheels and their weaving, to take a view of the running man-monster; which being so different from any wild beasts they had ever before seen, attracted their admiration, and made them set up a loud shout.

OUR

OUR hero had soon reached *Seminington*, and began to think himself pretty safe; but looking behind him, saw three or four young fellows pursuing him with all the speed they could. He had no doubt but they were his enemies sent to apprehend him; and, terrified at that idea, quickened his pace, scarcely imprinting the sand with his feet.

THE young fellows were, however, soon obliged to discontinue their pursuit, our heroic HARLEQUIN running like a very race-horse; but as his ill-fortune would have it, as he had just arrived opposite to a little lane that terminated in the main road he was keeping, a country  
'Squire

'Squire and his Game-Keeper, with a brace of grey-hounds and some spaniels, saluted his eyes.

THE 'Squire set eyes on our hero, as he passed him with the fleetness of one of his spaniels, and could not, for the life of him, conceive what sort of an animal he was. "Body " o' me!" cried he to his game-keeper; " I can't imagine what that is, " that is running so woundy vast " along the ruoad."—" Nor I, " vaith and truoth!" answered the game-keeper: " But zuppuose, " measter, we zet ZPRING and " ZWEETLIPS ater 'un! I warn'd " 'un, they'd zoon come up t' " 'un!"

THE



THE 'Squire was all alert at the hint. "Halloo, ZPRING, ZWEET—  
" LIPS! hey, zeek!---Halloo!"

IMMEDIATELY tore away the grey-hounds like very lightning: The spaniels followed as fast as they could; and the 'Squire and the Game-keeper went at leisure.

POOR Pickle-Herring soon heard the tread of feet behind him. Turning round his head, he espied the grey-hounds and the spaniels pursuing him; the former being within twenty yards, and the latter yelping with all their might.

STOPPING

STOPPING immediately, he sought to intimidate the dogs by a threatening posture, and by swearing a round volley of oaths at them. But his oaths and menaces were alike disregarded. They made at him with fury, and would soon have worried him, if he had not had the presence of mind to have taken up a large stone, and flung it with all his force at the foremost of the grey-hounds, which happened to be SWEETLIPS. Him it smote full on the forehead. He yelped, and fell down, seemingly lifeless.

SPRING, resolved to revenge his companion, leaped towards our hero; but with a strong hand he

E

seized

seized him by the throat, and gave him with his right foot such a terrible kick on his belly, as made him fly from the field of battle, breathing short, yelping, and seemingly in great agonies.

IN the most distressful situations of life, when every comfort and every hope seem to have abandoned the breast of man, some unexpected good fortune will frequently arise, to prevent his being plunged in the depths of despair; and to teach us, frail mortals, to learn, that we should never distrust the unseen, superintending POWER, that will ever preserve us from the assaults of our threatening foes, if we are not wanting

wanting to ourselves.—So proved it to our hero. At a time he imagined his furious enemies were just going to devour him, and despair had taken possession of his soul, casting his eyes upwards, as if to accuse OMNIPOTENCE of injustice, he luckily discerned a strong oaken walking-stick in the hedge, which he instantly seized, and grasping it in his hand, prepared to receive the spaniels, who were now almost arrived. His formidable posture, and his threatening, uplifted weapon terrified them, and they hung an-  
 arse.

SWEETLIPS, in the mean time, was recovered from the blow he

had received from the stone thrown at him by our vigorous hero, and headed the spaniels; resolving to revenge himself on his adversary, or die in the attempt. SPRING too, finding his companions marshalled in battle-array, joined them; and they came forward with open mouths, ready to attack our hero.

SAY, Muse! whom first, whom last did our hero assault?—First CÆSAR, a hound of true *English* breed, a deadly foe to the race of hares, came forwards. A better dog never flew across the plain, or inspired the breast that delights in the chace with greater raptures than he did his master's. Him our hero, with  
a stroke



a stroke of his oaken cudgel, (superior to the famed produce of *Sibilab's* forest,) a native of fair ALBION's clime ! levelled to the earth.

NEXT he smote the valiant POMPEY, a spaniel of the *Newfoundland* breed, who, obedient to his master's behests, would scale the lofty mountains, range the forests, or plunge into the rivers in search of game. POMPEY was faithful, valiant, wise and swift. Inheriting his sire's courage, and his dam's prudence, he was regarded by every one that loved worth in dogs, or could detest treachery in man. Fourteen of his offspring had been presented for their virtues, to a neighbouring

bouring Lord near *Calne*; and his consort, the beautiful *POMPEIA*, was in the mansion-house of one of the Squire's relations, at *Trow-bridge*.

THE fair *PHILLIS* sought to revenge her companions falls. Animated with the utmost fury, she flew on her antagonist, striving to seize him by the throat. Aware of her intent, our hero stepped on one side, and evaded the mischief intended him; but was then attacked by the valiant *SPRING*, a dog of *Hibernian* breed, who famed for his fidelity, his courage, and conduct in running good courses, had been bestowed by a *Munster* Knight, on a Cap-

a Captain of Dragoons, who had given him to an eminent Clothier at *Melksham*, and he had presented him to the 'Squire. Him our hero f mote on the side; but who, nevertheless, continued the unequal fight, seeking to seize him by the leg.

IN the mean time PHILLIS had attacked our hero behind, seizing him by the breech. Happy was it for him, the peculiarity of his habit, which had drawn on him so many foes, now proved his safeguard from their assaults. The seven-fold shield of the *Telamonian* AJAX, nor the well-tempered breast-plate of the son of ANCHISES, forged by the *Cyclops*, could not better preserve them

them from the weapons of the *Trojans* and *Rutilians*, than the party-coloured vestment our hero wore, did him from the dreadful fangs of his enraged enemies. Turning round immediately, he levelled a blow on his antagonist, which falling on the middle of her head, a thick mist overspread her eyes, and she could not keep her legs. She fell, and bit the earth.

THEN turning round on his foes, he gave a great shout, and dealt about his blows with unremitting fury. Where-ever his weapon fell, death or wounds instantaneous hung. The valiant SPRING felt the weight of his rage, and the  
power

power of his arm ; for, seeking to fasten on his throat, he received such a violent blow on the small of his back, that he ran from the field of battle, wounded and howling.

RANGER, a beautiful young dog from *Cornwall*, who had but lately been admitted into the 'Squire's family, of exquisite shape and choice colour, now fastened on his enemy's leg. His teeth had just entered through the thick cloth of many colours, and razed the skin ; which made our hero start up, like a giant refreshed with wine, and exclaim G— Z——ds!

BUT



BUT better, much better had it been for thee, O RANGER! thou hadst been at *Truro* or *Penryn*, on that fatal day! Thy shape, thy colour, thy beauty could not protect thee from thy destined fate. Ah! what availed thy sleek skin, thy mottled body, thy sparkling eyes in the sight of thy antagonist!—The moment after our hero had exclaimed G—— Z——ds! he set eyes on the foe at his feet, and with an irresistible fury smote him on his back and side, making him quit his hold; then uplifting his dreadful weapon, he made it descend like a whirlwind on his head, and forced him to fall lifeless on the earth.

POOR

POOR RANGER! thou faithful friend! thou chearful companion! ---dog of many virtues! exempt from all vices!---thy beauty is now lost; the fire of thy eyes extinct; thy lovely hue decayed; and thy exquisite shape no more!---Thee shall the young fair-ones of *Binegar* and *Laycock* mourn; and thy sad fate, thy faithful friends of *Chippenham* and *Hartham* shall sore lament!---even *Pickwick*, *Pound-Pill* and *Monks* shall catch the sound of woe for thy untimely fate; *Threshnells* shall join the plaintive lamentation; and *Adford* reverberate the sound, till it passes, even from *Charville*, to *Chapel-Nap* and *Corsham*!

THE

THE 'Squire and the Game-Keeper now came up, and found to their great surprize it was a *man* they had been attacking. The former made an apology for hunting him, and "huop'd," he said, "they had not hurt 'un. But odds zimmeys!" continued he, "who could ever imagine a mortal man could be dressed in zuch a vool's kuoat?" — "Howzumdiver, if wo't guo wi' me to my house at *Milsum*,\* sha't be welcome; especially, as I vind my dogs are not much hurt, except RANGER, who th' aft killed."

OUR

\* *Melksham*, four miles from *Trowbridge*.

OUR hero accepted the kind offer; and the 'Squire whispered to his Game-Keeper, " that he " ward'un, they'd ha vun enow " anon, or he'd gi' his mother vor " a maid."

## CHAP. IV.

*In what manner our hero was treated on his arrival at a 'Squire's house at Melksham.—What sort of men the 'Squires RATTLE and SAPSCULL were.---True anecdote of Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.—Our hero diverts his company greatly by his wit and vivacity.—How the 'Squires and our hero spent the evening together.*

THE 'Squire was very pleasant all the way they were going to his house, wondering why he had on such a strange party-coloured coat, and enquiring into his way of life ;  
and



and on our hero's informing him he was an actor, and of some note for the performance of HARLEQUIN, the 'Squire was extremely rejoiced, not doubting of his being a high fellow and choice spirit; but when he had informed him of the late transaction, his mirth disdained all bounds, and he was ready to pish for extacy.

ON their arrival at the 'Squire's house, he ordered a bottle of strong beer to be brought and drank to our hero, who took a hearty draught in his turn, and his spirits beginning to revive, at the 'Squire's request, he informed him more circumstantially of his history,

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ry, which not a little diverted the laughter-loving 'Squire.

THE Butler was soon called again, and ordered to replenish the decanter; and the 'Squire whispering him privately, ordered him to send his Game-Keeper to JACK RATTLE and BOB SAPSCULL, to let them know he should be glad of their company, to spend the evening with him.

It was not long before they appeared. Surprized to see their friend in company with a Pickle-Herring, sitting cheek by jowl, over a decanter of beer, they with difficulty suppressed their laughter; and wondered

wondered where the Deuce he could pick him up. They guessed, however, the 'Squire's intention was to entertain them by an exhibition of the Merry-Andrew's comic tricks of tumbling, finging, whistling, dancing, sleight of hand, witty speeches, or other mirth-inspiring qualifications.

THEY were not deceived in their expectations. The 'Squire, who loved a bit of fun as he loved a haunch of venison, plied our hero with liquor, and greatly diverted RATTLE and SAPSCULL, by obliging him to answer such questions he demanded of him, relative to his partner and friend the Quack-Doc-



tor's poisoning the three children ; his own flight from the scene of action ; his being stared at, hooted and pursued by the people of the villages through which he passed ; and of his battle with the dogs : All which our hero gave in such a comic strain, as greatly diverted the audience, and made them regard him as a very droll fellow.

BEING somewhat elevated, he became quite unreserved ; entertained them with a thousand little anecdotes concerning the heroes and heroines of the sock and buskin, whose fraternity he informed them he belonged to ; and related many amours of several of our most  
noted

noted personages, in the world of gallantry; which so amused the three 'Squires, that they looked on him as a very *learned* man, and told him so in plain terms.

"No, gentlemen," replied our hero, very modestly; "I am not  
 "learned, except in trifles. I leave  
 "substantial erudition to my rival  
 "GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.  
 "He and I were once in *Dublin*  
 "together; and both of us belong-  
 "ing to the Theatre there, we  
 "were candidates for the great part  
 "of HARLEQUIN. One day, after  
 "the rehearsal was over, we amused  
 "the ladies and gentlemen present  
 "with our leaps through the scene;  
 "in

“ in which it was the opinion of all  
 “ present I greatly excelled my com-  
 “ petitor.—GEORGE’S eyes flashed  
 “ fire; his breast burned with vexati-  
 “ on; and churning his teeth, he  
 “ disdainfully cried, “ *Though he*  
 “ *beats me at leaping, I’ll read Greek*  
 “ *with him, by G—— !*”

THE supper was now served on  
 the table; and the Fox-hunters,  
 having excellent appetites, eat very  
 plentifully, washing down every bit  
 with a glass of sound *October*, ’till  
 at length they became utterly in-  
 toxicated.

SUPPER being ended, the ‘Squire,  
 in the gaiety of his heart, swore,  
 they,

they should drink no more *wash*, but good old sound Port.

A DOZEN bottles were brought in, with pipes and tobacco, and glasses; and the 'Squire declared, that no one should depart the room 'till all the liquor was drank up.

SAVAGE mirth now reigned at large. INTOXICATION had insinuated herself into the brains of all. The glasses went merrily round. Fat toasts were drank, obscene songs sung, and lewd tales repeated; while they spit so copiously, and spilt their liquor so much, that the floor was all in a puddle.

THE

THE dozen bottles being drank up and *wasted*, another dozen was called for and brought, which they began drinking as fast as they could. But after some time, the 'Squire took it into his head, that drinking out of his largest punch-bowl would be much better, and fitter for a set of jolly toppers, who were not afraid of encountering the greatest quantity of liquor, as they could keep in their beds 'till any hour of the subsequent day. He, therefore, ordered the Butler, who was little less drunk than himself (for while the master and his company were drinking Port in the parlour, the servants were swilling beer in the kitchen) to bring the  
three



three-gallon punch-bowl, and to pour out the remaining nine bottles in it; which was accordingly done, and drank out by about five in the morning.

THE young 'Squires RATTLE and SAPSCULL would then fain have departed; but their friend swore, as articulately as he could, they should have another bowl; and as to our hero, he protested, as well as he could, he would never flinch. The 'Squire clapped him on the back, swore he was a cock of the game, and rising up to ring the bell, fell on 'Squire SAPSCULL, which tumbled him on the ground: But as drowning men will  
catch

catch at twigs, so falling men will grasp at any thing to save themselves. As SAPSCULL was falling, he seized his friend RATTLE by the arm, who, unable to preserve his equilibrium, caught hold of our hero, and they all came to the ground together.

WITH some difficulty they got on their legs, and regained their seats; and the footman then entering the room, thinking he had been called, the 'Squire told him to fill the punch-bowl again; which was accordingly done, but not for some time, the servants being so intoxicated, as to be almost unable to distinguish wine from beer, and

to

to bring the bottles safe into the room.

To this bowl they sat as before, drinking, talking, singing, swearing, hiccup-ing, stammering, and yawning.—In this manner they continued 'till seven o'clock, endeavouring to keep themselves in their seats from falling; but then the 'Squire, sinking on the floor, and sleeping and snoring, gave the cue to the rest of these sons of BE-LIAL.

SAPSCULL was the first who profited by the example. After drinking as hearty a draught of the port

G

as

as he could, he endeavoured to sit down in his chair, but missing it, he fell across the 'Squire.

"WE'VE—we've—zeen 'em out,"  
 stammered out 'Squire RATTLE;  
 "we've zeen 'em out, howsumdi-  
 "ver.—They—they're dead men  
 "——and there let 'em lie.—Come  
 "——come, Mr. Actor——here's  
 "my zarvis t'ye——Thou'rt an  
 "hon—honest cock, in vaith!"

So saying, he applied the bowl to his mouth; but it was there only three quarters of two fifths of a second, when he set it down; and reeling to his chair, stumbled over the bodies of the two fallen 'Squires,  
 who

who were driving their hogs to market as fast as they could.

THUS our hero fairly beat them out of the field; but his victory was not of long continuance; for getting up, in order to call the servants, he reeled to and fro, and could scarce keep on his legs.—He then attempted to stand still, but was unable.—He mused on his present situation, looked on the fallen warriors, and sighed.—He then applied the bowl once more to his mouth, but set it down again without swallowing a drop.—He tried to find the string of the bell, but without effect—He groped about for the door, but



could not find it, though it was broad day-light.—In this condition, yet with his senses about him, he continued for about five minutes, falling against the chairs, hitting his head against the wainscot, but recovering himself at times; 'till reeling against the legs of the snoring triumvirate, he fell over them, and swearing a prayer or two, composed himself to sleep.

## C H A P. V.

*Our hero discovers a strange spectacle in the 'Squire's kitchen.—Drinks coffee with the 'Squire and his Friends.—The Bacchanalian 'Squires get drunk with drinking mulled wine.—Our hero is entertained with venison, turkey, and other dainties by the 'Squire's Butler and Game-Keeper.*

**I**N this manner they continued about four hours, when our hero awaked, and found himself excessively thirsty, and his head aching intolerably. In order to quench his thirst, he went into the kitchen,

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intending to ask the Butler for a draught of small-beer or cyder ; but, good Heavens ! what a spectacle was there !——Seven people were lying on each other, like so many pigs ; a fat, brawny Cook, at least two yards about her waist, having her arms thrown over the neck of the Footman, who was a slim young fellow, that the wind would almost have blown away. The Game-Keeper, the Chambermaid, the House-keeper, the Helper in the Stables, and a negro Girl, about thirteen years of age, made up the groupe of figures, that would have afforded a fine subject for the pencil of an HOGARTH, or the

the pen of a SMOLLET, had those great genii been now living.

OUR hero had not much time to contemplate the drollery of this scene, as the Groom entering the kitchen, roused up the sleeping parties, who starting from their slumbers, rubbed their eyes, yawned, and wondered where they were, or what they had been about.

THE Groom had been the only one, out of eight servants, who had kept himself sober; for he had, it seems, at that time, a certain fashionable disease on him, that proved a restraint to his giving way to the inclination he had for drinking,

drinking, to which he was naturally as much addicted as any of his fellow-servants.

THESE drunkards now stared on one another, and looked as if they were out of their senses. They remembered, however, our Pickle-Herring hero, who asking for some small beer or cyder to allay his thirst, a great quantity of both was brought, of which they all drank; and then the servants scowered away to change their cloaths, and put on clean linen, that their master might not perceive they had been imitating his prudent conduct.

OUR



OUR hero's head ached greatly, and fain would he have taken a walk in the country, to enjoy the benefit of the air, but that he had his party-coloured vestment on, which would subject him to the observation of the country people, who would doubtless have hooted at him, as taking him for some kind of sea or land monster

THE servants, having changed their apparel, agreed among themselves to put their master and the two 'Squires to bed. For this purpose, going into the parlour, they took them up one by one, carried them up stairs, and laid them on the beds; they being all the time

as

as insensible as so many stocks and stones.

OUR hero, being asked if he chose going to rest, and replying in the affirmative, he was shewn into a very handsome room, where being left, he pulled off his cloaths, threw himself in bed, and soon slept as fast as a top.

THE drunken gentry continued in their beds till six in the afternoon, when the squire being awakened by a fit of coughing, rang for his footman, who, coming into the room, explained to him what had been transacted the preceding night, and the morning of that day

day 'till seven o'clock, the greatest part of which he could entertain but a very confused idea of.

He then got up, and ordered a large pot of coffee to be prepared for himself and his friends. Then going into RATTLE's room, he roused him from his slumber ; and afterwards performed the same office to 'Squire SAPSCULL and our hero.

THEY met in the parlour soon afterwards, yawning, spitting, making wry faces, scratching their heads, shrugging up their shoulders, and seeming confoundedly crop-sick.

AFTER

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AFTER they had drank their coffee, they seemed somewhat better; and the 'Squire proposed, in order to qualify it, to drink a single gill of mulled Port with spice in it. They refused at first; but being told it would settle their heads, consented.

HAVING drank their gill a-piece, the 'Squire swore they should have one more, for nothing was better after a debauch, than to take a hair of the same dog. With much entreaty they agreed to it, and more Port was mulled, which they drank off as before.

IN

IN short, one glass produced another, and another ; and they drank mulled Port so long, that they were all in the very same condition they had just before been in, dropping down on the floor one after another, except our hero. He indeed, being able to drink, on equal terms, even with Lord T\*WNSH\*ND, escaped untouched ; the wine he had swallowed serving only to make him more lively, free, and unreserved.

FINDING his new-created friends dead drunk on the floor, he went into the kitchen, where he found the Butler, Game-Keeper and Footman regaling themselves on a fine

H

cold



cold roasted turkey, chine of bacon, roasted sirloin of beef, and venison pasty; and the Butler requesting our hero to sit down with them, he gladly complied; and being excessively hungry, eat at least a couple of pounds of solid meat.

THE Game-Keeper liked our hero's temper and vivacity wonderfully, and told him, if he approved of it, he would shew him, early the next morning, the 'Squire's extensive estate, which could not fail of affording him a great deal of pleasure. To which the other replied, he would gladly accept his proposal, but that the peculiarity of his  
dress

dress would subject him to too much observation. That objection was easily over-ruled by the Game-Keeper's telling him, he would lend him some cloaths of the 'Squire, as good as new, he had purchased of the Footman a few weeks before, to whom he had presented them.

ABOUT twelve at night the servants conveyed the young 'Squires to their beds in the same manner they had done before; and our hero retired to rest perfectly sober.

## C H A P. VI.

*He walks over the 'Squire's estate with the Game-Keeper.——They subscribe a sum of money for our hero.——He takes his leave of them, and sets off for London.*

THE next morning the Game-keeper was as good as his word, in accommodating our hero with a handsome suit of cloaths, which perfectly fitted him, and in leading him over the best part of the 'Squire's demesne, which was both extensive and beautiful.

ON

ON their return home, they found the 'Squires as drunk as DAVID's sow, or any other man's sow that was not drunker. He would fain have excused himself from drinking; but RATTLE catching him by the hand, swore he was a d——n'd honest fellow, and he must *moisten his clay* with them. So, in short, down he sat, and in little more than an hour, he saw them fall successively on the floor, unable to rise or to speak. In this sweet pickle our hero desired the servants to convey them to their beds, which they soon effected; and then our hero went to his friends the Game-Keeper, and Butler, who brought him out the best

victuals the house afforded; of which they all eat very heartily, and spent their time very agreeably.

IN short, this kind of life continued ten days, which was extremely well suited to our hero's disposition, who loved good cheer and a bottle as well as any man. But it was not all at the 'Squire's cost; for the fourth day they went to RAT-TLE's house, and continued with him three days; and four days more they spent with 'Squire SAP-SCULL. These three 'Squires were much of the same age, that is to say, about twenty-seven; were their own masters, having no one to



to controul them; and of large fortunes, possessing little less than two thousand a year each, of which they made so ill an use.

SATIETY brings a disrelish to the choicest viands and the most amusing things. The 'Squire and his friends began at last to be tired of our hero, who was as heartily sick of their society. They had, however, made a purse among them of twenty guineas, which they begged him to accept of; made him a present of several suits of cloaths, and gave him a very cordial invitation to their houses at *Melksham*, whenever he should pass that way; which having

ing thanked them for, and promised to accept, they parted, our hero setting off in a post-chaise for *London*.

## P. A. H. C.

## C H A P. VII.

*Our Hero is robbed by a Highwayman on Marlborough Downs.—He arrives at the Catherine-Wheel Inn.—Meets with a very extraordinary young Man there, who is a Preacher of the Word.—Who is the Author of Evil briefly touched on.—The Methodist Preacher piously harangues our Hero, and greatly edifies the audience.*

OUR hero now found himself in a much better situation than he had been in for a long time before. He had good cloaths on his back, and money in his pockets, which

which infused spirits in his mind, and made him give all care and trouble to the winds.

LOLLING at his ease, he could not help contemplating on his good fortune, and anticipating in imagination the still greater blessings that awaited him. And now the chaise, having entered on *Marlborough Downs*, and running smoothly and swiftly, seemed to our hero as a type or emblem of himself. He drew the parallel as far as it would suit; and, like other fond authors, stretched some points, and curtailed others, to force resemblances that no where existed but in his own imagination. While  
he

he was in this agreeable reverie, he was suddenly awakened out of it by the dreadful sound of, "*D——n me ! deliver your money this moment, or you're a dead man !*"

MERRYMAN started ! and casting his eyes to the place the noise proceeded from, beheld a stout, raw-boned man, with a fierce visage, holding a cocked pistol to his breast. The sight added terror to the hearing, and froze our hero with horror. The Highwayman, not knowing the cause of his hesitation, and perhaps thinking he was studying how to illude his demand by force of arms, reiterated it with a volley of oaths, threaten-

I

ing



ing he would that instant blow his soul to H—— if he did not immediately deliver. Finding no alternative, our hero quietly acquiesced, and surrendered the whole sum he had just before been so generously presented with.

THE Highwayman surveyed the purse very attentively, and then exclaimed: “ This promises well, “ but all is not gold that glisters. “ Let me examine the *rights* of it. “ —Ay, by G—— this will do. “ These are the right dandies. I “ was humbugged no longer ago “ than yesterday by an *infernal de- “ vilish Divine*, that put a purse “ of new half-pence into my hand, “ instead

“ instead of guineas; and I was  
 “ such a G— d—mn fool, as to  
 “ give him half a guinea, out of my  
 “ own pocket, to bear his charges  
 “ to town. How the rogue laugh-  
 “ ed at me I warrant!—Here,  
 “ my lad, there’s five shillings, not  
 “ to let the Devil make a dancing-  
 “ room of your pocket.”

Thus saying, he clapped spurs to  
 his horse, and was out of sight in  
 an instant; while our hero, not yet  
 recovered from his consternation,  
 was driven to the adjacent Inn, of  
 the *Catherine Wheel*.

ON his entering that place, the  
 people gathered about him immedi-  
 I ately,

ately, hearing he had been robbed, and among others a young man with a placid countenance, meek demeanour, and black hair that flowed down his shoulders, and which he seemed particularly fond of, as he was every moment stroaking it with his fingers. This person, while the others were comforting him in his misfortune, told him, he ought not only to bear it with patience, but to be thankful for it. Our hero was too much in an ill humour at present to take this counsel cordially, or to thank its giver. "What Sir!" exclaimed he, "be thankful that I have been robbed! No, I am not Philosopher enough for that." "A  
"good

“good Christian,” replied the other; “will take every thing  
 “that comes from God with a pi-  
 “ously-disposed spirit, and whether  
 “it be good or whether it be evil,  
 “will thank him for it, as he is  
 “alike Author of both” “How!”  
 cried our hero; “is God the Au-  
 “thor of evil? This is the first  
 “time I ever heard of that doctrine.”  
 “He is the Author of ~~all~~ things,”  
 answered the young man, stroaking  
 down his hair with both hands,  
 and then feeling his smooth chin  
 with his right, as if in search for  
 a beard: “He is the Author of  
 “all things, but not the Author of  
 “evil. What you call evil, there  
 “is none in this world; that was

“ done away by our Lord and Sa-  
“ viour, who for us finners over-  
“ came death and Satan, and led  
“ the Devil, that great Serpent,  
“ captive, and bound him with  
“ chains, and triumphed over him,  
“ and dragged him along as his pri-  
“ soner, and threw him into Hell,  
“ into the bottomless pit, that  
“ burneth with brimstone; while  
“ our Lord and Master ascended  
“ victoriously into Heaven, where  
“ myriads, thousands, and hun-  
“ dreds of Angels, and Archangels  
“ congratulated him on his con-  
“ quest; so that by that triumphant  
“ victory whoever enjoyeth the new  
“ birth, and relieth on the merits  
“ of our alone Saviour the Lord

“ JESUS



" JESUS C——ST, to whom be all  
 " honour, and glory, and praise,  
 " and adoration, and thanksgiving,  
 " the same shall be the greatest in  
 " the kingdom of the Just, where  
 " God, of his infinite mercy bring  
 " us all, through the merits and  
 " meditation of JESUS C——ST,  
 " our Lord and Redeemer." Hav-  
 ing thus spoken, he stalked so-  
 lemnly away, while all the by-  
 standers, full of pious zeal, and  
 greatly edified, no doubt, with  
 the word of *exaltation*, as they  
 called it, most fervently ejacu-  
 lated *Amen*; and then proceeded  
 to inform our hero, that this good  
 young Man was a Methodist  
 Teacher, of the greatest reputation

for *wisdom* and piety of any of his tribe, he having gained more pro-  
felytes, and done more good by  
the power of the word in that  
part of the country, than any  
one, even Mr. WHITFIELD, or Mr.  
WESLEY himself, had been able to  
do before him.

Our hero listened to his praises  
with indifference, being wholly  
wrapped up in contemplating on  
his own affairs, and lamenting  
the misfortune he had just be-  
fore met with. He, however,  
found some matter for consolati-  
on, in reflecting that the whole  
of the carriage to *London* had  
been paid by the generous Squire,  
and

and that he had a few moveables in his possession, he might easily convert into money, to enable him to get to his journey's end.

## C H A P. VIII.

*Our Hero is left in the lurch by the Post-chaise Boy.—The Methodist Preacher's Observations on that occasion.—MERRYMAN accommodates his conduct to his circumstances. —He acts the Actor.—The Methodist Teacher's Remarks on the motions of the spirit.—The spirit of G— and the spirit of Brandy warm a Man alike.*

**A**F T E R our hero had regaled himself with a few glasses of sound old *October*, and right old *Wiltshire* cheese, he told the landlord he was

now

now ready to depart, and desired him to tell the Post-chaise Boy so. "The Post-chaise Boy!" exclaimed the Landlord. "The Post-chaise Boy has been gone this half hour." "Gone!" exclaimed our hero in return; "where the Devil is he gone to?" "I don't know," replied the Landlord; "but I know he is at the *Devizes* by this time; for he drove as if the Devil drove him." "The Devil drove him sure enough," said Mr. MERRYMAN very coolly; "for he has cheated me out of my carriage to *London*." On explaining matters, it appeared that the honest Driver, knowing our hero had no money  
nor



nor credit, and that a journey to *London* could not be performed without some fatigue to himself and horses, chose rather to return to his own home.

THE young Methodist Preacher now re-entered the room, and hearing of Mr. MERRYMAN'S additional misfortune, kindly admonished him to look on it as the work of the Lord, and not be disheartened by it. "The work of  
"the Lord!" cried our hero, in a great passion; "The work of the  
"Lord indeed! By the *Lord* HAR-  
"RY, 'tis a vexatious thing to be  
"at the distance of above eighty  
"miles from my own home, with  
"scarce

" scarce half a crown in my pocket."  
 " Be patient," cried the preacher of  
 the word; " God is above all.  
 " He sendeth us afflictions to try  
 " us, and to give us opportunity  
 " to manifest our virtue and  
 " strength: I mean not our pro-  
 " per virtue and strength, for our  
 " own virtue is as a *menstruous rag*,  
 " as the Scripture calleth it, and  
 " our own strength is nothing but  
 " weakness. But God maketh the  
 " sun to shine on the just and the  
 " unjust, and will not suffer us to  
 " be tempted above that we are  
 " able to bear. Now God and his  
 " son JESUS, to whom be glory  
 " and honour"—*Amen*, cried out  
 very devoutly fix or seven coun-  
 trymen

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 very devoutly six or seven coun-  
 trymen

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trymen that sat near. "Now God  
 "and our Saviour, as I observed,  
 "is able both to will and to do.  
 "To them therefore ascribe, as is  
 "most meet, all adoration and  
 "thanksgiving. Let the young  
 "lambs, and the old rams skip a-  
 "bout, and be glad at the sound  
 "of his voice. Let the clouds drop  
 "fatness, and the floods clap their  
 "hands and rejoice, for he shall  
 "come to judge the earth righte-  
 "ously, and the folks upon the  
 "earth. Then the Moon shall  
 "wax old like a garment, and the  
 "Sun shall be turned into blood ;  
 "whereof that fearful day will af-  
 "furedly come, when the wicked  
 "shall be glad to hide themselves  
 "from



" from the face and the fury, that  
 " is, the furious face of the  
 " Lamb. O who will abide the  
 " pitiless pelting of that day!—  
 " Who will dare to stand before  
 " the Lamb of God!—God pre-  
 " pare us!—O CH—ST! send thy  
 " grace to us, that we fall not into  
 " Hell!—O who can dwell with e-  
 verlasting burnings!"—*Ob! ob! ob!*  
 groaned most hideously all the com-  
 pany, except our hero, who mar-  
 velled greatly what kind of shepherd  
 this Teacher was, and what kind of  
 sheep his Followers were composed  
 of.

IN conclusion, Mr. MERRYMAN,  
 who was a pretty good *Actor*,  
 thought it best to accommodate

K

himself

himself to the humour of the company ; and after proposing a doubt or two to the preacher, that he might not seem too easily won, at length told him he felt some inward convictions of the truth of his religion, which till that moment he had been a stranger to, but that he had been such a great reprobate, that he feared——“ A  
 “ great reprobate !” cried the pious preacher ; “ so much the better. I  
 “ love reprobates. I was a repro-  
 “ bate myself. Our Saviour was  
 “ the friend and companion of sin-  
 “ ners and reprobates. The great-  
 “ er the sinner, the greater the  
 “ saint. I rejoice that you have  
 “ been a reprobate. Reprobates

" are the ornaments of our religi-  
 " on. The greater sins we have  
 " committed, the greater is the  
 " mercy of GOD in forgiving us.  
 " Would I had my will ! the  
 " world should be a thousand, yea,  
 " ten thousand times ten thousand  
 " wickeder than it is now. We  
 " are too righteous, verily we are  
 " too good. We do not give room  
 " enough for the mercy of GOD  
 " to shew itself. MOSES was a  
 " murderer, DAVID was a mur-  
 " derer and adulterer, SOLOMON  
 " was a whoremonger and an ido-  
 " lator. These were the favou-  
 " rites of GOD ! These were the  
 " darlings of Heaven, whom we  
 " ought all to imitate !——But

" how, my brother, dost thou find  
 " thyself ? Dost thou not find  
 " something move within thy bow-  
 " els ? Tell me how it affects  
 " thee.—These inward *motions*  
 " are not to be suppressed ; yea,  
 " rather, they must be encouraged :  
 " But tell me to what dost thou  
 " liken it unto ?"

OUR hero, with a grave face and  
 solemn tone, and with his hand  
 laid on his belly, replied, " I feel  
 " an emotion in me that warms  
 " and comforts my heart after my  
 " wickedness, just for all the  
 " world like a glass of brandy af-  
 " ter great fatigue."—" True, O  
 " true !" observed the man of God ;  
 " I was

“ I was just so myself ; and you  
 “ describe the motions of the spirit  
 “ very pertinently. The spirit of  
 “ brandy and the spirit of G——  
 “ move one alike. Verily, the mo-  
 “ tions of the spirit are true spiri-  
 “ tual brandy. But proceed.”

“ BUT,” continued our hero;  
 “ now there seems something to  
 “ be whispering to me to persuade  
 “ me against the grace of G— and  
 “ the true light.”

“ AY,” observed the young Me-  
 thodist, “ that is the whispering  
 “ of Satan, who is buffeting thy  
 “ flesh, and striving against the spi-  
 “ rit ; but the spirit, if it be a true



“ one, will soon put him to flight.  
 “ Resist the Devil, and he will  
 “ fly from you. Again, Quench  
 “ not the spirit.—And how feel-  
 “ est thou thyself now, my good  
 “ brother?”

“ I FEEL as it were,” replied our  
 hero, “ a rumbling in my bowels,  
 “ just as if I had taken two ounces  
 “ of Glauber’s Salts, or Jalap, or  
 “ Sena, or Calomel, or Buckthorn,  
 “ or Manna, or”——

“ AY, I was so myself,” rejoined  
 the Preacher; “ I felt an inward  
 “ working, and that is the true  
 “ working. The spirit works in  
 “ us like phyfic, yea it is the  
 “ right

"right phyfic, it is a strong phy-  
 "fic, and it purgeth us most copi-  
 "ously. Do not fear, brother.  
 "Though Satan buffets thee, the  
 "motions of the spirit shall pre-  
 "vail. The spiritual phyfic act-  
 "eth like carnal phyfic, it search-  
 "eth the heart and the reins of  
 "man, carrying off all ill hu-  
 "mours, cleansing the inward  
 "parts, helping us to digest the  
 "word, and to receive the spirit  
 "of holiness."

Mr. MERRYMAN could scarce re-  
 frain from laughing at this scene;  
 but as he had his interest in view,  
 and began to suspect the piety of  
 the preacher, which he looked on

as

as a mere cover for his bye-ends, he carried on the joke so far, that the young Methodist looked on him and shook him by the hand, as a worthy profelyte, and the Farmers and Countrymen round congratulated the Teacher on the success of his pious endeavours, that had rescued one soul more from the clutches of Satan, and brought it into Christ's fold.

## C H A P. IX.

*Mr. MANDRAKE the Methodist invites  
our Hero to dine with him.——*

*What sort of a man Mr. MANDRAKE was.——A stalking-horse  
described.——Mr. MANDRAKE*

*lays it down as an evident truth, that  
religion is a mere stalking-horse.——*

*Birds are the prey of Fowlers, and  
Men of Methodist Teachers, in Mr.  
MANDRAKE's opinion.*

**A**FTER these pious gentry had  
played their religious farce, the  
Methodist Parson, whom I shall  
beg leave to call MANDRAKE, on en-  
tering

tering more closely into conversation with MERRYMAN, found him to be a man of sense that knew the world; he therefore invited him to dine with him at a Farmer's just by, whose conscience, as well as the consciences of all his family, he had the direction of.

ON repairing to this house, they found the farmer, who was a substantial man, and well to pass in the world, just sat down to dinner, with his wife, two sons, and a daughter about sixteen, blooming as the Cyprian Queen, and amiable as an Angel. Little ceremony was necessary for so great a friend to the family as the Teacher

er



er was, to introduce our hero as a guest. Any one recommended by so good, so pious a man, must have merit, and would find a hearty welcome from the hospitable Farmer.

AFTER dinner, various avocations calling away the family, the Parson and the Player were left alone, with a large jug of strong beer, and a bowl of punch before them; when MERRYMAN, by his facetiousness and good sense, grew greatly in the esteem of his companion, who now entirely discarded the starched countenance and stiff behaviour he had before assumed, and discovered himself by his ob-

scene

scene toasts and loose conduct to be a thorough-paced libertine.

ABOUT five in the afternoon Mr. MANDRAKE proposed a walk to Mr. MERRYMAN, promising to shew him the country, near that place, who gladly accepted the invitation. Here, as they were strolling about, enjoying the beauties of nature, and unbofoming themselves to each other, they saw a gentleman pushing the figure of a wooden-horse before him, and making signs to them not to approach too near. Our hero had never before seen a thing of this kind, though it is common enough in some parts. As he was thinking

ing what this might be, and was just about to ask his friend, the gentleman shot off a gun, which killed a prodigious number of small birds, and hastening before his wooden horse, gathered them up at leisure. As they passed by him MANDRAKE saluted the gentleman very respectfully, who returned his salutation, and asked him when he should next *hold forth*. The teacher told him on the morrow, at *Tinhead*; on which the gentleman promised to be an auditor, and in the mean time presented him with a brace of partridges and a rabbit he had just before killed.

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THE two friends then quitted the gentleman, and pursued their walk. Our hero again asked the Preacher the use of the machine they had seen; which made him smile in such a sort, as if some pleasant conceit was playing in his imagination. "Why, my friend," replied the pious Methodist; "that machine is called a stalking-horse, and its use, as thou hast seen, is to conceal the person that stands behind it, that he may approach near the birds, and so destroy them." "I have often heard," said our hero, "of a stalking-horse, but never saw one before. Indeed, it seems to be named so with great propriety."

“ty, and to be of admirable utility.” “It is so,” answered the Preacher: “Its purpose is deceptive, and it answers it fully. What a stalking-horse is to Fowlers, religion is to Men of sense. It enables them to catch their prey.”

“WHAT!” said MERRYMAN, “is religion but a stalking-horse, a mere image to hide the Man, or rather monster, behind it?”

“NOTHING else,” replied MANDRAKE; “nothing else, upon my word. I know it will appear odd to some people to hear this; but you are a Man of



" sense, and must know it to be  
 " truth. The vulgar must be de-  
 " ceived. Were they to behold the  
 " Teachers of the Word in their  
 " natural forms, without *stalk-*  
 " *ing-horses*, they would be af-  
 " frighted and fly away ; but see-  
 " ing them cloathed in the arti-  
 " ficial garments of sweet hypo-  
 " crisy, they conclude them to be  
 " harmless Beings, and thus are  
 " entangled in our nets, or shot  
 " by our guns.—Yes, I repeat it,  
 " Mr. MERRYMAN, all religion  
 " is but a stalking-horse, and he  
 " that uses it best catches the most  
 " birds to regale on."

“ AND

"AND pray, Sir," said our hero,  
"which birds do you approve of  
"most?"

"OH, Woodcocks, Woodcocks,  
"by all means," answered the pi-  
ous Preacher.

## C H A P. X.

*Some farther traits of Mr. MANDRAKE'S character.—A shamoy leather conscience described.—A stiff conscience, like a jack-boot, not fit for a Methodist.—Mr. MANDRAKE'S instructions to Mr. MERRYMAN, for the regulation of his conduct.—Morality the work of Satan, and Faith the gift of God.*

AS the pious Mr. MANDRAKE had conceived so great a regard for our hero, it may appear no wonder that he should desire more of his

his company, He told him therefore that a bed was at his service at the honest Farmer's, in whose house himself boarded; and as he was at present in an unfortunate situation, if his *conscience* would not start at it, and he would put into execution a scheme he had in view, and which he would inform him of the next day, he did not doubt but it would be greatly to his advantage.

Our hero candidly told him the events of his past life, his profession, the embarrassments he was under, and owned that his conscience was made of a pliable leather, that he could manage, and stretch,

stretch, and work upon occasion, so as to make it fit for almost any work he could think of, that might prove of service to him. This gave the good Methodist great pleasure, who congratulated him on the possession of a conscience so a-kin to his own. "Just such a conscience as yours is," cried he, "I boast of. It never stands in my way in any thing I take in hand. And just such a conscience do all my Brother Teachers possess. We draw it on or pull it off, like an easy glove, that fits the hand exactly: And we make a good hand of it. The Lord help us! what should we do with a stiff, tough conscience, like a jack-

"boot,



“boot, that we could neither draw  
 “on or pull off on occasion, with-  
 “out tugging, and sweating?”

IN this manner did these pious  
 and well-disposed christians con-  
 verse with and edify one another,  
 during their walk in the fields;  
 and as they were returning home,  
 Mr. MANDRAKE gave his profe-  
 lyte a necessary caution: “Af-  
 “sume,” said he, “before the Far-  
 “mer and his family all the gravi-  
 “ty imaginable, and quote much  
 “the texts of Scripture—with  
 “the words, grace of GOD—Re-  
 “generation—the new birth—  
 “saving Faith, &c. &c. &c. as  
 “much as you can. The ap-  
 “pearance

“pearance of religion is all that  
“is wanted, and the cloak of  
“hypocrisy, you know is a d—ned  
“big one, and will hide a mul-  
“titude of crimes. Take care par-  
“ticularly to decry virtue and  
“good works upon all occasions.  
“Represent mere morality as the  
“work of the Devil, and faith  
“as the gift of God. This in-  
“deed is the grand secret. Dwell  
“upon this incessantly, ring the  
“changes on this sentiment, and  
“you’ll never fail. As to the rest,  
“mark me. Copy my conduct,  
“and imitate my deportment; and  
“if you don’t succeed in passing  
“for a Saint, and a most worthy  
“Member

“ Member of my Flock, I’ll be  
“ d——ned.”

OUR hero promised his worthy friend, he would follow his instructions as nearly as he could; and owned his happiness in being the Disciple of so able a Master.

CHAP.

## C H A P. XI.

*Our Hero and his friend return home, and see the relics of a matrimonial squabble.——Mr. MANDRAKE'S manner of saying prayers of an evening.——Mr. MANDRAKE'S manner of spending the night.——Mr. MANDRAKE infuses spiritual consolation into his Landlord's wife, into his daughter, and into the maid-servant.——Our hero is mistaken for the pious Preacher.--- In what manner he pleasantly passed away the night with a blooming young Nymph.*

**O**N their arrival at Mr. MANDRAKE'S lodgings, they found the  
Farmer

Farmer and his wife engaged in one of those pleasant controversies, so frequent in the marriage state, and which prevents it from degenerating to a lifeless insipidity. They had often, it seems, had quarrels before ; but none had got to so great a height as this, in which, as Lady TOWNLEY observes, they squeezed rather too much lemon. The honest Farmer was rebuking his Rib, for following the Methodists too much, as he termed it, and squandering away his substance, embezzling his goods, and filching from his pockets, to bestow on those itinerant Ambassadors of the ALMIGHTY, vulgarly called *Field-Preachers*. But in this do-

M

mestic



metistic dispute the honest man came but badly off; for the blooming daughter of sixteen, amiable as an Angel, engaged as second in the cause of Methodism so warmly, and defended its pious Professors so effectually, that the Farmer scratched his head, and seemed not a little pleased that the appearance of MANDRAKE and his friend put an end to a contention, in which he had been so roughly handled.

THEY spent the evening very agreeably together; till ten o'clock arriving, Mr. MANDRAKE, taking a large testament from his pocket, kissed it with reverence, then placing it on the floor, knelt on it  
very

very devoutly ; which being a signal well-understood by the Farmer's wife, she bawled out to her two sons and maid-servant, who were romping in the kitchen, to " come to prayers," which they accordingly did. Our hero, to whom this scene was a novelty, at first stared, and wondered where it would end ; being, however, no despicable Actor, he fell down on his marrow-bones, and assumed as pious and piteous a countenance as Mr. MANDRAKE himself.

I WOULD here give my reader Mr. MANDRAKE's prayer, but for two substantial reasons. One is, that I have been assured, it was

taken almost *verbatim* from the excellent form used in the Tabernacles in *London*, and in most of the Methodist Meeting-houses in the kingdom; the other is, that I really have no copy of it; Mr. MERRYMAN, my hero, telling me, that though he had a most excellent *study* for theatrical matters, yet he never was able to retain ten words on religious subjects.

PRAYER being ended, and benediction bestowed by the excellent young Man, they retired to their several apartments, to enjoy tired Nature's richest opiate, guarded by celestial Angels, to whom innocence and virtue are ever dear.

O FIELDING!

O FIELDING ! had I thy genius ;  
 O SMOLLET ! had I thy wit ; O  
 BROOKE ! had I thy invention ; I  
 would paint NIGHT in her sable  
 mantle ; placidly serene, shedding  
 peace and composure on the rural  
 world ; while pale-faced CYNTHIA,  
 her delegated regent, rode through  
 the blue Ætherial, to inspect the  
 deeds of mortals, or guide the  
 houseless traveller on his weary  
 way. But vain the wish ! Nor  
 BROOKE'S invention, nor SMOL-  
 LET'S wit, nor FIELDING'S genius,  
 will lend me aid. TRUTH alone  
 vouchsafes to hear my prayer.  
 She calls to memory things long  
 since past. She paints them clear  
 to Reason's eye, and guides the

pen in recording them to the world.

OUR hero slept profoundly for about an hour and a half, when awaking, he found a demand on him by Lady CLOACINA, to repair to her *Chapel of Ease*, at the end of the garden. He accordingly slipped on his breeches, coat and shoes, and went there immediately. Having dispatched his business, and returned half-way of the garden towards the door, where there was an arbour, he was closely embraced by a female, who gently drawing him in, languishingly cried out, " My dear  
" Mr. MANDRAKE, my husband is  
" but



“but just *fell* asleep, or I would  
 “have been here before.” Our  
 hero, who was no enemy to the  
 sex at any time, and was at this  
 peculiarly amorous, found Nature  
 began to move him; which the  
 Fair-one perceiving, nothing loth,  
 fell down on the verdant couch,  
 and drew our hero upon her.  
 She soon shewed she was no no-  
 vice in love-affairs, for she glued  
 her lips so closely to our hero’s,  
 and clasped him so fervently, at the  
 same time crying out, “Come,  
 “my dear Mr. MANDRAKE, let  
 “us lose no time,” that he could  
 not easily get from her. At length,  
 however, reflecting on the heinous  
 sin of adultery, he resolved to com-  
 bat

bat the calls of appetite, and undeceive the wanton wife. He therefore retiring from her, gently told her, “ he was not Mr. MANDRAKE, but his friend.” In the utmost confusion, she begged his pardon——sighed——entreated him he would say nothing——and at length insinuated, that the *friend* should be as welcome to her favours as Mr. MANDRAKE. But these our hero declined accepting, as *she* was a married woman, and *he* was not a Methodist Preacher.

Mr. MERRYMAN left the fighting wife, and was proceeding to his bed as fast as he could, being unwilling to meet MANDRAKE on the

the way : But on his arrival in the kitchen, another female caught hold of his hand, and ardently kissing him, cried out, " Now, Mr. MANDRAKE, as my mistress and master are asleep, give me the thing my soul loveth right well." This female was no other than NANNY the maid-servant, who was a devout follower of Methodism, and profound admirer of Mr. MANDRAKE, who being mighty fond of her, used to administer spiritual comfort to her almost every night.

OUR hero knew not what to do. He had observed NANNY in the day time, and admired her for her  
buxom

buxom beauties, and her rustic graces : But he was sadly afraid of being discovered by some of the family. His passion however beginning to glow, he embraced the pious Methodist with warmth, and was proceeding to give her spiritual consolation, when the tread of Mr. MANDRAKE at a distance was heard by our hero : He slipped away therefore from the willing fair-one, and retired to a corner of the room, till Mr. MANDRAKE had entered it, and flown into the arms of his NANNY ; when leaving them together, he ascended the stairs to go to his own bed.

By

By one of those unaccountable mistakes that poor mortals are continually apt to fall into, and perhaps our hero's imagination being somewhat heated by the scenes he had just been witness to, as soon as he had reached the top of the stairs, he turned to the *left* hand instead of the *right*, and went into the blooming daughter's chamber, who lay reclined on the bed in a position that might tempt the Thunderer from *Olympus* to repose on her snowy breast. Our hero surveyed the scene with rapture. He gazed on her beauties, and longed to clasp her to his arms; when a voice, soft as the southern breeze, whispered out, "Come,



“ my dear Mr. MANDRAKE, let us  
“ now enjoy”——Our hero would  
suffer her to say no more. He  
threw himself in the bed, snatched  
her to his glowing bosom, de-  
voured her with his kisses, and  
was as happy as enjoyment could  
make him.

It was not long, however, be-  
fore the amorous fraud was disco-  
vered by the Nymph. Caressing  
and speaking to her dear MAN-  
DRAKE, as she thought him, she  
wondered he gave her no answer :  
But what was her confusion, when  
she found a stranger had been  
enjoying those charms, she thought  
should be devoted to a pious Pastor  
alone !

alone! To upbraid him was needless; to make a noise was foolish; to vindicate herself was impossible. She made therefore the best she could of the matter——she said nothing, but suffered our hero to do as he would.

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“ now enjoy”——Our hero would  
suffer her to say no more. He  
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N C H A P.

## C H A P. XII.

*Mr. MANDRAKE preaches and expounds the Word to a numerous congregation.——His profits for his pious labours.——His remarks on that occasion.——He treats our Hero with a bottle of mulled Port.——Our Hero discovers him to be an old acquaintance.——Mr. MANDRAKE's account of his first commencing Preacher.——Our Hero resolves to follow his Friend's pious example.——Mr. MANDRAKE performs in a Field near Marlborough.——Estimate of the expences of bearing the Word of GOD for one day in each*



*each county; and what it costs the kingdom in general.*

THE next day Mr. MANDRAKE, being mounted on a tripod, or three-legged stool, in a large field belonging to the Farmer his landlord, and attended by a numerous congregation, drawn together from the adjacent villages, that in vain mourned the absence of their inhabitants, held forth, and expounded the Word. His doctrine was universally applauded, his subject was pleasing, and his manner irresistible. It would be nearly impossible, for Indifference or Inattention to shew themselves. His action was vehement, his execution warm

and pathetic, and his demeanour such as shewed he was in earnest. He expatiated on *chastity*, and male and female *honour*; shewed in what they truly consist; and the melancholy decay of both in this wicked age. He painted the practice of fornication in such glowing colours, as evidently demonstrated he was no stranger to the subject. He appealed to his hearers for the truth of his descriptions; pointed out the many base ways men take to seduce young maidens, and married women; and then cautioned his hearers from making use of those base ways. He told them, that though there was the most exquisite pleasure in the practice

he

he was exposing, yet now he had shewn them the wickedness of it, he hoped that those inexperienced in it, would for ever keep themselves from it, and those who had been constantly addicted to it would leave it off.—It would be vain, nay it would be beyond my abilities, to follow him through the whole of his very copious discourse. His subject pleased him; it warmed him to the heart; it was agreeable too to his auditors, who loved to hear the pleasures of *kissing* described, and its wickedness pointed out.—After the sermon was over, the word of exhortation was given; and the whole concluded with a pious prayer by the

pious Preacher, adapted to the occasion.

Two pewter-plates were then handed about; and being soon filled with half-pence by the generous rustics, were emptied into a basket the provident Preacher had taken care to furnish, and then again sent about to receive more contributions.

AFTER this pleasant pastime was finished, the Preacher jogged Mr. MERRYMAN by the elbow, and taking him from the crowd; "Well," said he, "what do you think of my performance? Did I not act my part well?" "Like

“ a hero,” answered his friend.  
 “ But how much did your *benefit*  
 “ yield?” “ Faith!” replied the  
 Preacher, “ no less than fifty  
 “ eight shillings and nine-pence;  
 “ and I’m to hold forth in the  
 “ afternoon near *Marlborough*,  
 “ where I expect to get above  
 “ four pounds more, which I think  
 “ will be a good day’s work.” “ A  
 “ good day’s work do you call it!”  
 exclaimed our hero; “ by the  
 “ great G— of H——n! I should  
 “ be contented to get so much for  
 “ three weeks acting. I wish to  
 “ G—— you would instruct me!”  
 “ That’s what I purpose to do,”  
 replied the Teacher. “ I told you  
 “ yesterday I had a scheme in view  
 “ would



"would be highly advantageous to  
"you, if you would carry it into  
"execution. Let's withdraw still  
"farther from this ignorant crowd,  
"and I'll communicate it to you  
"fully."

THIS pious and politic pair then walking pretty briskly for some time, arrived at the *Catherine-Wheel* Inn, where Mr. MANDRAKE ordering a bottle of mulled Port for himself and his friend, they were shewn into a private room. As soon as the wine was brought, and they had each eat a biscuit and drank a glass, the Preacher suddenly started up, and catching his friend by the hand, looked on him

him with the greatest eagerness :  
 " What! MERRYMAN," exclaimed  
 he ; " is it possible, that after be-  
 " ing with me so long, and con-  
 " versing so freely, you should not  
 " recollect me ?"

OUR hero surveyed him with at-  
 tention, and though he thought he  
 had seen him before, yet he could  
 not recollect when or where.  
 " What !" continued the Preacher ;  
 " don't you know your old friend,  
 " that used to divert himself with  
 " foaling and heel-piecing old shoes  
 " in his stall in the *Garden*, and  
 " whom you kindly recommended  
 " to be candle-snuffer to the play-  
 " house ?"

OUR

OUR hero then looking at him more closely, and recollecting his voice, now he assumed his natural tone, (for his *religious* one was totally different) knew him instantly. "What! TOM STITCH turned "Preacher and Parson! what a "metamorphosis! By all the "Gods!" continued he, "but I "am rejoiced to see thee. But "prithee tell me, how came this "change about?"

TOM STITCH, *alias* Mr. MANDRAKE, now fully disclosed himself to our hero. He told him he had been involved in great difficulties, on account of being too free with a Parson's Chambermaid, who  
complained.

complained to the Manager, and he had discarded him. That having once been on *the boards*, and occasionally appearing in small characters, he had contracted an invincible hatred to cobbling, and could not settle to any business whatever. In the mean time his debts being numerous, though small, and his creditors clamorous, he was forced to decamp suddenly from *London*, to avoid the horrors of a prison. That taking his road to *Finchley-Common*, with a pistol in his pocket, he was determined to levy contributions on the public. That a sober, staid old gentleman, on a grey old mare, having rode by him, as he

was

was resting himself on a bank, he suddenly started up, and seized the mare by the bridle, with his left hand, and with his right holding a cocked pistol to his breast, demanded his money. The poor old gentleman protesting he had but two shillings and a penny in his pocket, and that he was a Curate going to perform his duty at a neighbouring village, for which he had only twenty pounds a year, he suffered him to pass by Scot-free. That in an hour afterwards he had heard a Methodist Preacher *bold forth* and *expound the Word*; and he had seen him receive above five pounds for his *performance*, collected in pence and two



two-pences. That being greatly edified with what he had *heard*, and charmed with what he had *seen*, he from that moment determined to turn Methodist Preacher; being convinced he could hold forth and *act* much better than the *performer* he had just heard. That he put his pious resolution in practice immediately after; and he had actually received above fifty shillings for his first performance. Finding it so beneficial, he grew more and more pious; preached almost every day, and daily received the fruits of it. "And now," concluded the honest man; "I am looked on as at the head of my profession. I am regarded

O

" as

“ as a Saint, and revered as a  
“ Judge. I live in clover ; for  
“ though in public I appear ab-  
“ stemious and mortified, I amply  
“ make up in private for the rein I  
“ put on my appetite in the face of  
“ the world. I knew you the first  
“ moment I saw you yesterday ;  
“ and that determined me to renew  
“ my acquaintance, and serve you  
“ to the utmost of my power.  
“ Look on me then now, not as  
“ the grave Mr. MANDRAKE, but  
“ as your gay companion TOM  
“ STITCH.”

OUR hero was greatly pleased  
to hear this account. He em-  
braced his friend with ardour, and  
told

told him he was resolved to commence Preacher himself; and he made no doubt, he said, but he should *act* pretty well, since in a spouting club he had belonged to, he had often *taken off* some of our *religious performers*, and had been told he had done it very well.

MR. MANDRAKE strengthened our hero in his resolution, advised him to perform for the first time the next day, and promised to give him the heads of a discourse, if he would write them down: "For as to myself," continued he, "I need make no secret  
 " of it to you, since you well  
 " know, I cannot write. I wish I  
 O 2 " could.

“ could. In that case, I make no  
“ doubt but I might in time ac-  
“ quire such a fortune as WHIT-  
“ FIELD did; who, I am told, died  
“ worth forty thousand pounds,  
“ from, as it was thought, a mode-  
“ rate income; whereas the *Arch-*  
“ *bishop of Canterbury*, the decent  
“ SECKER, with an immense re-  
“ venue, left not the tenth part of  
“ that sum behind him.—How-  
“ ever, wishes are in vain.—  
“ Though I have not the gift of  
“ writing, I have the gift of  
“ preaching: And, in fact, with  
“ the people I have to do, my not  
“ being able to write is no hurt to  
“ me. Nonsense they look on  
“ as *inspiration*, and a loud cant-  
“ ing

“ing voice, furious looks, frantic  
 “gestures, and a swelling breast,  
 “as proceeding from the *Holy*  
 “G——. So I’ll be contented  
 “with my talent. Instead of cob-  
 “bling shoes, I’ll continue to  
 “preach the Word; and instead of  
 “snuffing candles, I’ll snuff the  
 “understanding of my flock so  
 “closely, that by the Grace of G—  
 “I’ll be master of their pockets  
 “when I please.”

THUS did our pious Duumvirate  
 confer together, and strengthen each  
 other’s virtuous resolution. After  
 some time Mr. MANDRAKE paid  
 the reckoning, and they went  
 home to dinner, where nothing



material happened.—In the afternoon indeed he performed in a field near *Marlborough* to an audience so numerous, that one would naturally imagine half the county must have been depopulated by it. On a moderate computation, not less than eight thousand persons were present; but as we cannot imagine above seven-thousand were working people, that could benefit society by their labour; I will not suppose, that, calculating each of those seven thousand persons labour at twelve-pence, the community at large lost by the preaching of the Word of God that afternoon in half of that county, above three hundred and fifty pounds; which

which amounts but to seven hundred pounds for the whole county. Now, estimating all the counties of *England* at fifty-two, which is the exact number ; and supposing that, one with another, the preaching of the Word of God in it for one day, costs but seven hundred pounds ; we shall find, that the kingdom of *England* at large sustains a loss, by the want of labour for one day, of no more than the sum of *thirty-six thousand four hundred pounds* ; which surely is amply compensated by having the Word of God preached in its purity by Methodist Teachers for that one day.

## C H A P. XIII.

*Our Hero mounts the Rostrum, and makes his first Essay in the character of a Methodist Preacher.——The Introduction to his discourse, as faithfully transcribed on the spot.---The marvellous effects of his pious Oration on the minds of his hearers.——Mr. MANDRAKE publicly acknowledged as the Instrument of our Hero's conversion, and being rescued from the clutches of the Devil.——A gathering of seven pounds made among the Brethren for our Hero.*

**T**HE next day was to be a remarkable æra in the history of  
 our

our hero's life. It was to determine his fate. It was to doom him to obscurity, or bring him into light. It was to stamp him a sinner, or seal him a saint. It was to confirm him an ignorant layman, or dub him an enlightened teacher. It is no wonder therefore he should be anxious for its appearance, and solicitous for its success.

THE light no sooner dawned, than he arose, perused the notes furnished him by his friend, and read that part of the Concordance, where Hell and Damnation, Death and the Devil are most fully treated of. These he got by heart;

heart ; and armed with these texts, like Jove with his thunderbolts, he doubted not but he should be able to hurl destruction on the heads of his Methodistical auditors, who are never so well pleased, as when they hear Damnation denounced, and see the flames of Hell scattered among them.

ELEVEN o'clock the wished-for, yet dreaded hour arrived. The congregation was large. Villages vomited forth their inhabitants, the Towns were forsaken, even Cities nearly depopulated, that—our hero might be heard. LABOUR sighed the absence of her sturdy Sons; INDUSTRY sat wringing



ing his hands ; the GENIUS of the Loom deplored her hapless fate ; COMMERCE wept ;——but GENUINE RELIGION, meekly arrayed in the form of a *Methodist Preacher*, gloriously exulted !

OUR hero began——

\* \* \* \* \*

BREATHE soft, ye winds ! forget to flow, ye purling streams ! suspend your course, ye tinkling rills ! let not a murmur be heard ! for——MERRYMAN speaks.

“ MEN and Brethren !—yea, ye  
“ women and children also ! attend  
“ to

“ to my words—-hear what the  
 “ spirit says—-hear me I pray—  
 “ for the words of the spirit—  
 “ the words of righteousness—  
 “ the words of the gospel will I  
 “ speak. But two days ago I was  
 “ the vilest of sinners—-I was  
 “ the dung of the earth—-I was  
 “ the off-scouring of Satan—I was  
 “ a limb of the Devil.—Satan  
 “ rejoiced at me. He exulted in  
 “ his prey. He threatened me  
 “ with his grin ; and I saw his  
 “ iron prongs ready to thrust me  
 “ into hell. But behold—-yea  
 “ I say, behold and rejoice, ye mem-  
 “ bers of righteousness, ye children  
 “ of holiness, ye babes of grace  
 “ ———JESUS the Saviour saw  
 “ my

" my condition, and pitied it.  
 " He raised me with an out-  
 " stretched arm; for he graciously  
 " sent to me a most zealous ser-  
 " vant of his, whose powerful  
 " word snatched me from perdition—  
 " on——He drew me from the  
 " bottomless pit, wherein my poor  
 " soul was fallen——and he saved,  
 " yea he saved me from Hell's  
 " flames——yet not him, but the  
 " HOLY G——ST. This servant,  
 " this zealous, this faithful servant  
 " of God, ye all know.——He  
 " is now present. He stands near,  
 " to support me lest I fall——  
 " Behold he stretches out his arms  
 " to embrace me in the spirit of  
 " godly love——Yea, my Bre-  
 P " thren,

“thren, this is the man—this is  
 “the servant of C——st——this  
 “is the faithful guardian of your  
 “souls, that snatched me from  
 “Death and Damnation, and re-  
 “generated and brought me to  
 “the new Birth.”

Thus saying, the pious Brethren  
 saluted each other with ardour.—  
 There was not a dry eye in the  
 congregation——Tears watered the  
 ground; and, hear this, ye Infidels! a flower sprang up, such as  
 had ne’er been seen before. It was  
 of a white colour, and the most  
 fragrant smell. The righteous ga-  
 thered it, and wore it in their  
 bosoms during the cordial, the fra-  
 ternal

ternal embrace. This I was assured of by several. I was indeed myself present ;——but alas ! being a profligate sinner, the favour of seeing, gathering and wearing it was not vouchsafed to me.

OUR hero, after his exordium, began his Sermon, and took for his text the following verses from Isaiah LVI. 9, 10, 11.

“ ALL ye beasts of the field, come to  
“ devour ; yea, all ye beasts in the  
“ forest.

“ HIS watchmen are blind, they  
“ are all ignorant ; they are all dumb  
P 2 “ dogs ;



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*" dogs; they cannot bark; sleeping,  
" lying down, loving to slumber.*

*" YEA, they are greedy dogs,  
" which can never have enough; and  
" they are shepherds that cannot un-  
" derstand: They all look to their  
" own way, every one for his gain,  
" from his quarter."*

*" My Brethren,*

*" T H E S E words of the great  
" Apostle ISAIAH were applied to  
" the Jewish Teachers of those  
" days, and they suited them to a  
" bair. The Jewish clergy, you  
" must know, were what is called  
" the established clergy, that is,  
" they*

“ they were established in the  
 “ land, and were paid large sums  
 “ of money, and *money's worth*,  
 “ and tythes, and corn, and bul-  
 “ locks, and *all that*, for preaching  
 “ the word of GOD unto the peo-  
 “ ple, and for teaching them the  
 “ law of MOSES, and the moral  
 “ doctrines of *Christianity*. And yet,  
 “ *for all* they were so liberally re-  
 “ warded and provided for, they  
 “ did not do their duty, but ne-  
 “ glected it, and scorned the words  
 “ of truth and righteousness, and  
 “ turned their backs upon the co-  
 “ venant of GOD, and threw down  
 “ his altars, and broke his sacri-  
 “ fices, and despised his sabbaths,

“and became, as the great pro-  
“phet and apostle ISAIAH most  
“justly calls them, *dumb dogs that*  
“*would not bark.* Now these sad  
“dogs were a curse and reproach  
“to the land; and as they so ba-  
“rbarously neglected their duty, and  
“the Lord God saw that the  
“sheep were left, as it were, with-  
“out a Shepherd; what did he  
“do, out of his infinite goodness  
“and mercy——to whom be all  
“praise, and glory, and thank-  
“giving, and adoration, and  
“might, and majesty, and domi-  
“nion, both for ever and now—  
“what did he do, I say, but in  
“the fulness of time he sent his  
“only-

" only-begotten Son to make a-  
 " tonement for the sins of man-  
 " kind, and to supply the place  
 " of those dumb dogs that would  
 " not bark. Our Saviour, the  
 " Lamb of God, who came from  
 " the bosom of his Father, took  
 " on him our Nature——he  
 " died that we might live——he  
 " became a curse and a gazing-  
 " stock, that we, my Brethren,  
 " might live for ever. But as to  
 " the Jewish Teachers, they were  
 " *for all the world*, just like our  
 " clergy: I mean, my dearly be-  
 " loved, the established Jewish  
 " clergy were the *very pictures and*  
 " *morals* of our established English  
 " clergy. And it shall be my bu-  
 " siness

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“siness” in the present discourse, to  
“prove the resemblance and con-  
“trast between them.

“IN the first place, my beloved  
“Brethren, and my most beloved  
“Sisters!——pray attend!——  
“You man there in the flannel  
“night-cap and leather-apron!  
“pray attend to my words; for  
“why will ye die? saith the Lord  
“of Hosts.——In the first place,  
“my Brethren, the Jewish teach-  
“ers, we find by the words of the  
“apostle and evangelist: ISAIAH,  
“were compared unto, yea, they  
“were not only compared unto,  
“but were called, and in reality,  
“and fact, and in *bone ab sie dee*,  
“they



" they were beasts of the field.  
 " Now who can deny, or gainsay,  
 " or pretend to dispute, or con-  
 " tend, that our clergy are not  
 " beasts of the field as well as the  
 " Jewish clergy? Do you not see  
 " them take away the tythes of the  
 " poor people, which are the pro-  
 " duce of the field? Now he that  
 " seizes on the produce of the  
 " field, and runs away with it,  
 " and devours it, the same is a beast  
 " of the field, and not a good  
 " Shepherd. I am sure, my dear  
 " Brethren, here is many among  
 " you that are forced to pay  
 " tythes against your will. Ah,  
 " my friends, why should you not  
 " enjoy the fruits of your la-  
 " bour,

"bour, without being taxed? For  
 "tythes is a tax, and a fore and  
 "grievous tax it is. As to what  
 "you may give *volun-tirry* and  
 "gratus to your own ministers  
 "and teachers, that is, as I may  
 "say, a horse of another colour:  
 "That is only a recompense, or a  
 "compensation for our labours  
 "of love.

"MOREOVER, my beloved Bre-  
 "thren, the great evangelist and  
 "disciple ISAIAH calls the Jewish  
 "teachers beasts of the forest.  
 "Now why did he call them so?  
 "Can any one here tell me the  
 "reason of this here expression,  
 "or term, or appy-lation as I may  
 "call

"call it?—Why, I will tell  
 "you why he called them so.—  
 "He called them so, because they  
 "roved about in the forests at  
 "large, like beasts of prey, and in  
 "search of poor silly maidens  
 "which they deluded, and led  
 "astray, and devoured, as a dog  
 "will devour a dead carcase.—  
 "That was the reason, my beloved  
 "Brethren. And do not, I pray  
 "you, our established ministers, as  
 "they are called, do the very same  
 "thing? Do they not prowl a-  
 "broad, and hunt for young dam-  
 "sels, or *girdles*, which they con-  
 "sider as lawful game, and as  
 "their natural prey? And when  
 "they *once* come near them, do  
 "they

" they not seize them, and violate  
 " them, and lead them into forests  
 " and *sacred* places, where they  
 " may work their wicked wills with  
 " them? And does not all this  
 " prove then, that ISAIAH's term  
 " Beasts of the Forest is justly ap-  
 " plicable to our English clergy?  
 " ——— Yes, it does, my Brethren;  
 " and therefore to them will I say,  
 " what the Prophet said to the  
 " Jewish clergy, "*All ye beasts of*  
 "*the field, come to devour; yea, all ye*  
 "*beasts in the forest.*"

" SECONDLY, my Brethren, the  
 " Jewish priesthood are called  
 " watchmen. Ye well know the  
 " meaning of this term; to watch,

“ being, as it were, to look at,  
 “ to oversee, or to watch over;  
 “ and watchmen therefore should  
 “ look over, and oversee the flock  
 “ of CHRIST: And as carnal  
 “ watchmen should take care of  
 “ their candles and lanthorns,  
 “ that they be not stolen; so  
 “ should spiritual watchmen take  
 “ care that their flock under  
 “ them be not stolen, or go a-  
 “ stray. Now the Jewish teach-  
 “ ers did not take this same care;  
 “ *whereof ISAIAH saith, His watch-*  
 “ *men are blind; they are ignorant.*  
 “ One would think this great apos-  
 “ tle was speaking of the watch-  
 “ men of *London*, as the descripti-  
 “ on so exactly shoots them. I

Q

“ don't



“ don’t mean, my Brethren, the  
“ carnal watchmen that watch at  
“ night the streets, and houses of  
“ *London*, and great towns, that  
“ they be not robbed and broke  
“ open, and that no affrays and  
“ disturbances of the peace hap-  
“ pen ; but I mean the spiritual  
“ watchmen, that take care of mens  
“ souls. And yet these spiritual  
“ watchmen are carnal ones too ;  
“ for they follow the lusts of the  
“ flesh to fulfil the desires thereof,  
“ and they neglect the flock of  
“ CHRIST, scorning JESUS and him  
“ crucified. Thus you see, my  
“ Brethren, the established Jewish  
“ clergy and the established English  
“ clergy are just the same; *They*  
“ *are*

“ *are blind and ignorant watchmen ;*  
 “ *they are all dumb dogs ; they cannot*  
 “ *bark.*”

“ A DUMB dog, my Brethren, is  
 “ the *worthleſſeſt* of all characters.  
 “ What does a man keep a dog  
 “ for ? What is the property of a  
 “ good dog ? What ſhould a dog  
 “ do to pleaſe his maſter ? Theſe  
 “ are important queſtions, my  
 “ friends, and deſerve to be ſeri-  
 “ ouſly conſidered.——What ! are  
 “ there no *sportsmen* here ? Is there  
 “ none here who keep that faith-  
 “ ful animal a dog ? Can ye not  
 “ tell me of the nature and uſe of  
 “ a good dog ?——Why then I  
 “ will tell you, my friends ; for I

“ speak the words of righteousness,  
“ and lie not.

“ A GOOD dog, my beloved Bre-  
“ thren, and *sportsmen in the Lord!*  
“ ———a good dog should hunt for  
“ his master, and keep his house,  
“ and guard him from thieves and  
“ house-breakers, and set partridges  
“ for him, and spring woodcocks,  
“ and chase rabbits, and catch  
“ hares; and I have known a  
“ few good dogs that would snap  
“ up a young duck or pullet,  
“ and bring it to their masters  
“ on occasion, which you must al-  
“ low a good property, and I may  
“ venture to say a most useful one,  
“ especially upon a journey, when  
“ a man

" a man perhaps, has walked  
 " many a weary mile in the rain  
 " and dirt ; then, I say, a fine  
 " duck or a young pullet would  
 " be a delicious dish at some inn  
 " or good public-house, near a  
 " large fire, where a man might  
 " sit and enjoy himself at his ease,  
 " with two or three pints of fine  
 " October, that sparkled in the  
 " glass, and seemed to solicit him  
 " to a *nearer acquaintance* : Ah, my  
 " friends, have you never known  
 " a scene of this kind ? Have you  
 " never experienced what I am de-  
 " scribing to you ? I have done it  
 " often, and therefore I know—  
 " the value of a good dog.

" BUT a dumb dog, my Bre-  
 " thren, is a sad dog. I mean a  
 " dumb dog is a bad dog, when  
 " such a dog ought, as the  
 " prophet says, to bark. There  
 " are indeed a *specius* of dogs  
 " which ought to be dumb dogs.  
 " They ought to keep silence, and  
 " not yelp, to frighten away the  
 " birds. Of this kind is the poin-  
 " ter, and setter, and bull-dog, and  
 " some others, for instance. The  
 " property of these is to be silent ;  
 " but it is not of these the prophet  
 " is speaking. Had the prophet  
 " ISAIAH been *quartering a field*  
 " with a pointer for partridges ;  
 " or had he been *beating the grounds*  
 " with a setter for quails ; or had  
 " he



“ he been letting loose his bull-dog.  
“ —of the right English breed—  
“ at the chained, furious bull,  
“ while a ring was made around  
“ him: I say, had ISAIAH been  
“ partaking of either of these ge-  
“ nerous and manly diversions, he  
“ would not have been displeased  
“ with his dogs for being dumb,  
“ but would have commended them  
“ for it. But the Apostle is speak-  
“ ing of another set of dogs,  
“ whose property it is to bark,  
“ and make a noise, and fright peo-  
“ ple; such now, as the good  
“ house-dog and mastiff, for in-  
“ stance, who ought to bark loud,  
“ and growl, and bristle up their  
“ hairs.

" hairs erect, as I think one Mr.  
 " HORACE VIRGIL calls it. When  
 " dogs of this here kind do not  
 " bark, they are dumb dogs, as  
 " ISAIAH most justly observed;  
 " whereas were they to bark loud,  
 " and bay the silver Sun, as one  
 " of the evangelists calls it, they  
 " could not properly be said to be  
 " dumb dogs. And this it is, I  
 " think, which makes the distinc-  
 " tion, and fully proves that the  
 " Jewish teachers and the English  
 " clergy both come under the  
 " Apostle's description, of being  
 " *dumb dogs, that cannot bark, sleep-*  
 " *ing, lying down, and loving to*  
 " *slumber.*"

" BUT

" BUT ISAIAH goes on, and  
 " gives some more particulars of  
 " the characteristical marks of the  
 " Jewish teachers ; and this he  
 " does with a boldness that shews  
 " he was in earnest, and not  
 " afraid to tell men of their sins.  
 " He says, "*Yea, they are greedy*  
 " *dogs, which can never have e-*  
 " *nough.*" And here, my Brethren,  
 " I must needs say, that did we  
 " not know, or were we not con-  
 " vinced, that ISAIAH never was in  
 " *England*, we could not but ima-  
 " gine that he applied these words  
 " to our English clergy, they shoot  
 " them so remarkably well, nay  
 " they fit them to a T.---Look  
 " round, my Brethren, and see  
 " how

“ how grasping, and how covetous  
“ our clergy are, insomuch that  
“ we can scarce live for them;  
“ but the Lord will reward them  
“ for it. The Lord sees their wick-  
“ ed ways, and their covetousness,  
“ and will come upon them at a  
“ time that they look not for it.  
“ The *Lord* JEHOVAH and the  
“ *Lamb* JESUS will hover round  
“ them, dart their all-seeing eye  
“ keen at them, then swoop on  
“ them at once, catch them in  
“ their pounces, and tear them to  
“ pieces. Yea, they will lie in  
“ wait for those *beasts of the field*  
“ *and forest, those blind watchmen,*  
“ *those dumb dogs that will not bark;*  
“ *sleeping, lying down, loving to*  
“ *slumber;*

“ *slumber* ; they will, I say, my be-  
 “ loved Brethren, lie in wait for  
 “ them, and arrest them, and send  
 “ them to *Bridewell*, from whence  
 “ they shall not be released till  
 “ they have paid the uttermost  
 “ farthing.

“ THUS you see the consequences  
 “ of the clergy’s being such greedy  
 “ dogs, as the Apostle ISAIAH calls  
 “ them. “ *Yea*, says he, *they are*  
 “ *greedy dogs, which can never*  
 “ *have enough ; and they are shep-*  
 “ *herds that cannot understand : They*  
 “ *all look to their own way, every one*  
 “ *for his gain, from his quarter.---*  
 “ This description, my beloved in  
 “ the Lord, is just, faithful and pic-  
 “ ture-



*ture-Rest.* I shall now endeavour,  
 “ with the blessing of God, to  
 “ prove its justness, and how well  
 “ it *shoots* or fits our English  
 “ clergy.

“ Dogs are called greedy, be-  
 “ cause it is observable that they  
 “ have great appetites, and are  
 “ exceeding ravenous ; and they  
 “ think, says the Apostle, *they can*  
 “ *never have enough.* Just so it is  
 “ with the clergy. If they have  
 “ one small living, they want a  
 “ greater. If they have a great  
 “ living, they want another. If  
 “ they have two livings, they want  
 “ a third; and if they have three  
 “ large livings, they still want more,  
 “ and

“and are never to be satisfied.

“The curate wants to be a rector;

“the rector, a prebendary; the

“prebendary, a bishop; the bishop,

“an archbishop; and the archbi-

“shop wants livings in commen-

“dams and *commendorums*, and to

“be made a cardinal and pope of

“Rome, and God’s vicar on earth,

“and by-and-bye God himself.

“Thus you see that the clergy are

“terrible *greedy dogs, and shepherds*

“*that cannot understand. They all*

“*look to their own way, every one for*

“*his gain from his QUARTER;*”

“that is, from his living, or be-

“nefice, or curacy, or vicarage, or

“parsonage, or rectory, or deacon-

“ry, or archdeaconry, or prebend,

R

“or

" or bishop--ck, or archbishop--ck,  
 " or any other ecclesiastical place  
 " they possess, and which they call  
 " by such *beathenish* names, as the  
 " Scripture no where makes any  
 " mention of.

" Now, my dearly beloved Bre-  
 " thren in the Lord JESUS, as the  
 " clergy are such reprobates, as  
 " I have proved from the Evange-  
 " list ISAIAH, and do not do their  
 " duty; is it not fit that the peo-  
 " ple at large should be instructed  
 " in the ways of God, and have  
 " pastors and teachers to shew  
 " them the paths of righteousness,  
 " and bring them into the Lord's  
 " fold? Yea, my Brethren, it is;  
 " and

“ and therefore am I called, though  
 “ an unworthy servant, to this  
 “ great work. I know I am a poor  
 “ *unliterate* man; but so was PAUL  
 “ and PETER, and my other fel-  
 “ low-labourers in the gospel.—  
 “ What signifies *larning* in ex-  
 “ pounding the word? Not a single  
 “ penny, no not a farthing, or  
 “ half a farthing. But I’ll tell  
 “ you, my Brethren, what it is that  
 “ signifies; it is the grace of God.  
 “ Ay, my friends, it is the grace  
 “ of God, it is the new birth unto  
 “ righteousness, for being by na-  
 “ ture born in sin, and the chil-  
 “ dren of wrath, we are hereby  
 “ made the children of Greece.—

“ What signifies *genus*? *Genus* is

" nothing to the gospel *grease*, that  
 " washes out the stains of sin.—  
 " The *grease* of GOD is the true  
 " Fuller's earth, that takes away  
 " every spot from the garments of  
 " holiness. Get then the gospel  
 " *grease*, and despise *gems* and  
 " *larning*. Say not then that be-  
 " cause a man is *unliterate*, he is  
 " unfit for expounding the word.  
 " No, he is the more fit on that  
 " account; for GOD chooses the  
 " weak things of this world to  
 " confound the wise. He builds  
 " his strength in weakness; and  
 " out of the mouths of babes and  
 " sucklings hath he ordained praise.  
 " Am I *unliterate* then? So was  
 " PAUL and PETER. Am I void  
 " of



" of *glaring* and *genus*? So was  
 " PAUL and PETER. Am I a  
 " plain-spoken man? So was PAUL  
 " and PETER. Am I a stranger  
 " to the *hearts* and *see-inges*? So  
 " was PAUL and PETER. But,  
 " my Brethren, as I resemble  
 " PETER and PAUL in the things  
 " I do *not* possess; so do I re-  
 " semble them in the things I  
 " *do* possess. PETER and PAUL  
 " were endued with God's grace;  
 " so am I. PETER and PAUL  
 " were called to the Lord's vine-  
 " yard; so am I. PETER and  
 " PAUL abounded in zeal for the  
 " gospel; so do I. PETER and  
 " PAUL were downright upright  
 " men; so am I. In short, my

" Brethren, I am like these great  
 " apostles in all things, save that  
 " the Lord gave them, *perhaps*,  
 " more abundantly of his *grease* :  
 " But what I want in wisdom, I  
 " am determined, God helping, to  
 " make up in vigour."



FAIN would I follow my hero  
 through the whole of his elaborate  
 harangue ; but it is needless. The  
 above specimen of his abilities is  
 sufficient to convey a just idea of  
 him to the minds of my readers.  
 It is, however, proper to observe,  
 that

that the reception he met with was the best imaginable. His audience not only considered him as equal to the great Apostles GEORGE WHITFIELD and JOHN WESLEY, but as the rival of Saint PAUL himself; whose preaching the Word of GOD at *Athens*, they verily believed, could not be superior to that of our hero's preaching the word near *Marlborough*.

C H A P. XIV.

*Our Hero is regarded in the most important light by the Brethren.——*

*Mr. MANDRAKE congratulates him on his rising reputation; and, to give him an instance of friendship and regard, recommends a virtuous young woman as a wife for him.——*

*Our hero has an interview with this young woman.——Her affecting story, and tragical end.*

OUR hero was now looked upon as a most pious Shepherd of Souls, fit to dispense the crumbs of comfort to the chickens of grace. He  
was

was regarded as a firm pillar of the Methodistical fabric ; a stiff member of the christian body, that was both able and ready to infuse the balm of sanctity into the young disciples and chosen vessels, that were properly disposed to receive it. Mr. MANDRAKE saw his rising reputation with pleasure, partook his triumphs, and swelled his glory. Unlike those little, mean spirits, that envy merit, and study to depress it, he cordially greeted his Brother in the L-rd, and protested the whole endeavours of his life should be to serve him ; and to give him a proof, that he would not confine himself to mere lip-gratitude and mouth-honour, he told him,



him, he had an opportunity of shewing his regard and affection for him, by the most signal instance imaginable; no less than recommending him to a virtuous young woman, with five hundred pounds fortune, that for the beauties of her mind and person was an invaluable treasure.

Our hero thanked his friend for these professions of friendship, and this exemplary instance of disinterested regard; and begged to know who this beautiful and virtuous young damsel was.

"It is the lovely daughter of  
"my worthy landlord," answered  
he;

he; "the very pink of beauty, and  
"paragon of perfection!"

OUR hero coolly answered him, he had as yet no inclination for the matrimonial state. He acknowledged the young woman's merit, and his own unworthiness; but declared he would follow the profession he had been so good to recommend to, and instruct him in, at least for some time, without being incommoded with a wife and family.——After some more discourse on this head, they talked of other matters; the worthy Mr. MANDRAKE little imagining what cogent reasons our hero had for declining

declining the friendly offer he had so kindly made him.

MR. MERRYMAN now opening his eyes, and examining the sincerity of his friend's protestations, saw them in their true colours.— He at first hated and detested him, and like a young man that has just entered into the world, seemed surprized there should be such things to be met with, as hypocrisy and baseness. Nevertheless, on considering the matter more coolly, he found there was no great wonder in it; for his friend had only acted *in character*, and as every other Methodist Preacher would do in the like case.

SOON afterwards, Mr. MAN-  
DRAKE being absent, and the fa-  
mily employed in their domestic  
concerns, our hero had a private  
interview with the fair-one he had  
been so happy with a few nights  
before. In this meeting he ex-  
pressed his affection for her in the  
warmest manner, and pressed for  
a renewal of the intimacy that had  
subsisted between them. But how  
was he moved, when to all his pro-  
testations of tenderness, and vows  
of love, she answered him only by  
a deep-drawn sigh!

KINDLY taking her by the hand,  
and looking fondly in her face, he  
gently asked her the cause of her

S grief;

grief; and entreated her to be candid and open, as no endeavours of his should be wanting to dispel it.

To his tender solicitude and visible sincerity, she strove two or three times to speak, but a rising sigh prevented her utterance. She looked confused——blushed——hung down her head——sighed again. At length, calling up her resolution, she fixed her eyes steadily on our hero——again reddened——and again looked confused. She opened her mouth, and 'was about to speak the anguish of her wounded heart, but, unable——burst into a flood of tears.

OUR



Our hero sympathized with her, for he found his very soul was pierced.

“ My dear love !” cried he, pressing her hand, and putting it to his bosom; “ tell me what it is that afflicts you.—I see you are much moved; but for God’s sake, tell me the cause——it may be in my power to remove it.”

“ Oh no !” said she; “ my peace of mind is gone for ever——”  
 “ I shall never be happy more——”  
 “ your friend Mr. MANDRAKE has undone me.”

“ I AM no stranger to your con-  
 “ nections,” said he; “ but sure-  
 “ ly, a step of that kind is not ir-  
 “ retrievable. Marriage may”——

“ MARRIAGE !” exclaimed she,  
 with indignation : “ No ! were he  
 “ Master of the Globe, I would  
 “ not stoop to be the wife of so  
 “ base a man.”

“ It must be some most grievous  
 “ offence then,” observed our hero,  
 “ that marriage cannot redress, or  
 “ atone for. Pray, my dear Ma-  
 “ dam, be ingenuous, and reveal  
 “ it.——I will be secret as the  
 “ grave.”

IN

IN brief, after some more pressing, being convinced of our hero's sincerity, and feeling the natural desire persons in affliction have to ease their woes by discovering them, the unhappy fair-one informed him, that MANDRAKE had a few days before, communicated to her a vile disease, and had that very morning given her some drug, under pretence of procuring abortion, she being unhappily with child by him; but she was convinced it was poison he had given her, for she found it just beginning to operate.

OUR hero told her, she must certainly be mistaken, at least as to

her suspicion of being poisoned, for it was not possible Mr. MANDRAKE could be such a monster.

HE, however, soon found it was no fable she was telling him.—The poison worked strongly, and threw her into a thousand agitations and convulsions. In this dilemma he called the father, and mother, and all the family.—They came—they found the poor girl in torture—tortured in mind and body.—They strove to ease her, by laying her on the bed, and administering cordials.—But all in vain.—She looked wildly—foamed at the mouth—raved—groaned——twisted her body about in  
strange

strange contortions——panted——  
 gasped——till, Nature, exhausted by  
 her efforts, and subdued by the ef-  
 fects of the poison, sunk under it  
 ——and the once beauteous maid  
 now lay a breathless corse.

C H A P.



## C H A P. XV.

*Mr. MANDRAKE flies the country for murder, and repairs to Dublin, where he preaches with great success.——Our Hero removes to Reading, and preaches the Word there.——Meets with ill success.——Goes to London.——Is Candidate for a Living, but disappointed.——He is sent for by a Lady of Quality, who hearing of his great Parts, determines to patronize and open her Case to him.——How the Lady opened her Case; how our Hero entered it; how he stiffly maintained*

*maintained his argument ; and  
how he satisfied the Lady.*

MR. MANDRAKE returned not home. He learned the tragical effects of the medicine he had administered ; not with a view, we will suppose, to *murder* the mother, but to cause abortion, and prevent a little tell-tale witness fullying his fair fame. He therefore quitted that part of the country immediately ; and after preaching the word of God at a few places in the North of *England*, repaired to *Holyhead*, and embarked on board the Packet for *Dublin*, where, after a short passage, he arrived ; and changing his name, disguising his person,

person, and pretending to extraordinary sanctity, he was greatly caressed by the Brethren in that metropolis, to whom he preached with much fervency and zeal, at their Meeting-house in *Whitefriar-street*; and by whom he was regarded as a Saint, superior to Saint PAUL, and not inferior to Mr. WESLEY himself.

As to our hero, after this tragical affair, he quitted the honest Farmer's family, that looked on him in a less respectable light than they had done before; and, finding the people in general began to grow cooler in the cause of Methodism and its Preachers, shifted his

his quarters, and removed to *Reading*, where he continued about a fortnight, preaching but once during that time, and gaining by it no more than the sum of fourteen shillings and three half-pence.

QUITTING therefore a town, at that time so devoid of Grace, and that gave such bad encouragement to the Preachers of the Word, he set off for the metropolis, where he doubted not of performing to numerous audiences.

ON his arrival there he had the good fortune to hear that the very day before, a noted Preacher belonging to a Meeting-House, had

been transported to the Plantations for embezzling a silver-cup; and he entertained great hopes of succeeding him; as, on enquiry, he discovered there were only three candidates for the vacant place, a learned cobbler, a journeyman taylor, and a pious breeches-maker, neither of whom could read or write, strictly speaking; though it must be confessed, that all of them could tell the letters, and spell *some* words, and the journeyman taylor, who was the cleverest of the three, could scrawl, and make pothooks and hangers, which he called *writing*.

MR.



MR. MERRYMAN was, however, disappointed in his views. By some means or other, the Brethren had learnt he had formerly belonged to the *Devil's Chapel*, vulgarly called a Play-house, and as they would not have the *Lord's House* defiled by such a limb of Satan (for his Regeneration signified nothing in their eyes) they chose the pious breeches-maker for their pastor; and he, I hear, enjoys the high and weighty office to this day.

FRUSTRATED in one respect, our hero strove to console himself in another. Hearing of a lady of fortune, that had lately become a profelyte to Methodism,

T

and

and was quite eaten up with zeal, making grand entertainments at her house for the Brethren, where after they had nourished their spiritual parts with singing hymns, and making long prayers to the Lord, they used to refresh their carnal parts with all the choicest dainties that could be procured; by unceasing assiduity and some pious artifices, he got himself recommended to her, as the very mirror of sanctity. The lady was rejoiced to hear of so great an apostle. She determined to see him, to converse with him, and to patronize him, should he prove worthy the character Fame had so lavishly bestowed upon him.—

What

What induced her to this resolution, exclusive of the regard she had for religion, was a certain case of conscience she wanted to consult with some pious teacher about, but which, however, she had hitherto found no man could satisfy her in.

Our hero waited on her, in consequence of a card he received by her footman, and happened to please her highly. He repeated his visit; and was well received. He visited her again; and she liked him more and more. He waited on her the fourth time; and it is inconceivable how fond she grew of him. The fifth visit was paid, and—ye readers, mark the sequel!

——At this visit the lady opened her case ;——our hero entered into it ;——he stiffly maintained his argument ;——and the lady fairly acknowledged, she was at length fully *satisfied*.

C H A P.

## C H A P. XVI.

*Our Hero lives with a Lady of great quality.——He communicates to her a certain fashionable disease.——The Lady gives it to three Methodist Teachers.——Our Hero and the Lady part.——He repairs to a certain Surgeon for a cure.——Some account of this Surgeon, who is also an Apothecary, a Quack, a Physician, a Linguist, a Poet, a Scrivener, an Usher, a Corrector of the Press, a Teacher of Spouting, a Paragraph Writer, a Spy, a Public Lecturer, a Player, a Vintner, a Translator, a Compiler, a Schoolmaster, an Author, an Editor, &c. &c. &c.*

**W**ITH this good lady our hero lived for above twelve months, for



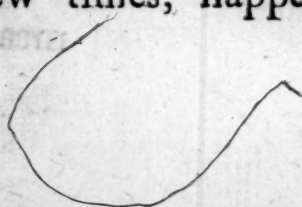
she had grown so very pious, and so extremely fond of the spiritual consolation afforded her by him, that, not contented with the daily visits he made her, she insisted on his living in the same house with her. Although this occasioned some malicious tongues to make ill-natured remarks on her ladyship, yet wrapped in the consciousness of her own integrity, she despised their censures, and gave constant testimonies of her godly affection for our hero.

AT length, however, the Platonic Love ceased, and the godly pair parted. Our hero, spite of  
his

his spiritual calling, grew carnally fond of a fine young creature of seventeen, who was chambermaid to the lady. He paid his addresses to her, and was so lucky as to succeed. One happy night, "the pale Moon and Stars alone" being conscious of their loves," the nymph received him to her arms, and our hero thought himself supremely blest. Four days after he *smarted* for his gallantry; for the fair-one having been too closely engaged with a Popish Priest, he had literally set her on fire, and she had done our hero the same favour. He however repaired to a Surgeon, but in the mean

mean time, being of a *warm* constitution, had communicated the flames of love to her ladyship; and her ladyship, unknowing of the favour she had received, *fired* three Methodist teachers, who used to give her godly comfort.——This was the true occasion of their parting; and not, as it was falsely reported, that our hero was any way deficient in infusing into her ladyship the sacred balsam of piety, and the sweet incense of holy love.

THE Surgeon our hero employed in curing him, after seeing him a few times, happened to recollect  
him,



him, and his former occupation at the Theatre, where himself also had been a performer. He then addressed him as an old acquaintance; informed him there was no sort of occasion to conceal himself from *him*; told him he had numbers of Methodist Teachers, Popish Priests, and Divines of the established Church *in bands* for the same disorder; and that it was grown so fashionable and polite, that people no more regarded it than a cold. He then expatiated on his own abilities; told him he had an universal genius; that he understood all languages, and the whole circle of the sciences; that

he

he was intimate with all the nobility in the kingdom; nay, that the princes of the blood cared him, and honoured him for his talents; and he had had a *tete-a-tete* with his majesty, who had promised to give him a place of importance, but that he had declined it, as having a mortal aversion to placemen, and being a hearty lover of independence, and a perfect enthusiast in the cause of freedom. He acquainted him, he had travelled to every part of the known world, and had even penetrated into *Terra incognita*; that he had discovered the great Southern Continent; that the Chevalier TAYLOR was a mere fool to him, that

PSAL-



PSALMANAZAR was a driveller, and Dr. JOHNSON an idiot. That for his own part, he did intend, some time or other, to publish his *travels, voyages and discoveries*; that he should have done it before, but he had such a damned *modesty*, that he could not possibly conquer it; that he had solicitations from all quarters to oblige the world, but that he was resolved to keep his knowledge to himself, till a pension, at least equal to Lord CHATHAM's was settled on him.——

He concluded with observing, that though many travellers had seen much of the world, none had seen *so* much as himself; for whereas other travellers had only  
seen

seen things that were visible, he had seen things *invisible*.

His tongue ran on with such rapidity, it was impossible to stop it. Like a forty-four pounder set a rolling from the summit of a mountain, that forces its way through all obstructions, and stops not till it has reached the bottom; so rolled, and so forced its way the voluble tongue of the *unblushing* Surgeon.

OUR hero and this curious ORIGINAL often used to converse together; and though the former had before thought, that no one could excel him for a modest assurance,

he found that the Surgeon beat him by odds; who, in one of their private conferences together, gave him a history of his life: by which it appeared, that he had been an APPRENTICE to a Surgeon, not a hundred miles from the *Minories*, in *London*, as the news-writers phrase it;——that he had practised as a SURGEON, and APOTHECARY, and occasionally as a PHYSICIAN;——that having failed in business, he took a tour all over England in the character of a travelling Physician, vulgarly called a QUACK, and picked up some money; but quickly spending it, he went to sea as a Surgeon's MATE, and LINGUIST:

U

that

that he was the greatest POET in the universe, and the finest professor;——that he was an occasional conformist to every religion;——that at *Rome* he became a Roman-Catholic; at *Constantinople*, a Mahometan, where he was CIRCUMCISED; at *Philadelphia*, a Quaker; at *New-York*, a Presbyterian; at *Baltimore*, an Anabaptist; and at *Boston*, an Independent;——a Gentoo at *Nankin*; a Moravian at *Olmutz*; a Jew at *Amsterdam*; and a Hottentot Priest at the Cape of *Good-Hope*. That he had been a SPY in *France*, for the great *Earl of CHATHAM*, and had penetrated all the secrets of the French Cabinet; nay,——but that's a  
*secret*

*secret* too,—he had penetrated the *French Queen's Cabinet*. That in his travels he had seen more than ever man saw; heard more than ever man heard; suffered more than ever man suffered; and collected more natural and unnatural curiosities than ever man had before collected. That on his return to *London*, he taught youth and grown gentlemen the noble art of *spouting*; wrote paragraphs for news-papers; then commenced AUTHOR at large, and EDITOR of a *Daily Paper*; but, being convicted of *theft*——that is, of stealing from the SPECTATOR, ADVENTURER, and other *well known* works, pieces, which he fathered



on himself, and swore he had written,—he was discharged from his Editorship : That he then commenced a SCRIVENER, drawing petitions, memorials, &c. &c. and writing letters ;——then turned a TRANSLATOR ;——and afterwards set up for a public LECTURER, with a bold *heart*, and was honoured with the attendance of *all* the nobility and gentry in *England* ; and that people came from foreign countries, drawn by his matchless fame, to hear so great an Orator. That the *Duke of YORK* was his intimate friend, and used to breakfast with him two or three times every week : That all the ladies of quality paid him visits,

fits, numbers of whom he used to instruct *in private*: That he had accumulated much wealth by his oratorical abilities, and was preparing to retire from the busy world, “ as SCIPIO and others had “ done,” to live “ *Oshium come Digny* “ *Tatti*,” but that the strumpet Fortune played him a scurvy trick, and in the form of a dreadful fire had in one night consumed all his substance. That he shortly afterwards became USHER to a noted Boarding-School; but the master of it being blind to his merit and learning, discharged him for incapacity: Then he commenced ACTOR; but being hissed, and hooted, and pelted, he left

his *ungrateful* country, and went to *Dublin*; and that he played there to crouded audiences, and was looked on as a most wonderful PERFORMER. That after some time, the people of that metropolis growing capricious, and undervaluing his abilities, he went to *Cork*, and performed there; but they also not doing him the justice he merited, although he found them to be an *ignorant* and *illiterate* set of people, yet being actuated by a benevolent and public spirit, notwithstanding their ingratitude, he resolved to serve them in spight of themselves, and therefore turned SCHOOLMASTER.--- That he continued at *Cork* some time;

time; but notwithstanding he had engaged to perform more wonders in teaching all the languages and sciences, than ever mortal performed, and even to make an ignorant plough-boy, or cow-herd, in one year's time, as learned as any Bishop in the kingdom——“ Would “ you believe it? Mr. MERRYMAN,” said he, “ they gave me no encouragement, but treated me as an “ *Impostor*, and a mere *Pretender* “ *to Learning*. They called me “ *smatterer, superficialist, adventurer*, “ and LYING TRAVELLER. This “ last appellation touched me to “ the quick; and to prove that I “ had been really a great traveller, “ I published proposals to print  
 3 “ my

“ my *voyages and travels by subscrip-*  
“ *tion*, which I drew up in a pom-  
“ pous manner, and to shew my  
“ *modesty*, required only half the  
“ subscription-money in hand, tell-  
“ ing them the other would not  
“ be demanded till the delivery of  
“ the work. These proposals,”  
continued the eloquent *dapper doc-*  
*tor*, “ retrieved in some measure,  
“ my sinking reputation, and I  
“ contrived to put in my pocket,  
“ ---harkee, MERRYMAN,” whis-  
pered the sage orator, and assum-  
ing a wise face, as if congratulating himself for his cunning——  
“ I contrived to put five hundred  
“ and odd half crowns in my  
“ pocket by this expedient.——

“ Well,



“ Well, fir, I ftaid at *Cork* as long  
 “ as my credit was good, and  
 “ faith ! a little longer ; fo I gave  
 “ the *Corkonians* the flip in a  
 “ Moon-fhiny night, and return-  
 “ ed to *Dublin*. There I played  
 “ again ; but with no fuccefs : My  
 “ damn’d fortune ftill purfued me.  
 “ I then turned CORRECTOR of the  
 “ PRESS, fwearing I was the great-  
 “ eft in the world, and damning  
 “ LEWIS † for an egregious block-  
 “ head. Then I difperfed my pro-  
 “ pofals for printing my *voyages*,  
 “ not

† Author of the CANDID PHILOSOPHER ; or  
 Free Thoughts on Men, Morals, and Manners.  
 Alfo, of the PLEASING MORALST ; or, POLITE  
 PHILOSOPHER ; confifting of Effays, Poems,  
 Hiftories, and Dialogues, ferious and comic.

“ not forgetting to observe at the  
“ bottom of the conditions, that  
“ *Subscribers are* TAKEN IN *by the*  
“ *author*; and egad! I took them  
“ in completely, having hum-  
“ bugged above seven hundred  
“ more credulous fellows in *Dub-*  
“ *lin*. My hook, egad! was well  
“ baited, and the gudgeons bit ea-  
“ gerly. After this, finding the  
“ people of *Dublin* not competent  
“ judges of theatrical merit, I  
“ quitted the stage, disdaining to  
“ throw my pearls before such a  
“ parcel of ———. I then re-  
“ commenced Lecturer and public  
“ Orator; opened many Disputing  
“ Societies successively, in my own  
“ person; got myself appointed  
“ treasurer

“ treasurer to several more, (par-  
 “ ticularly one at LYNCH’S, in  
 “ Charles-street, and another in  
 “ Liffey-street) and made off with  
 “ the money. Finding, however,  
 “ all would not do, and being mar-  
 “ ried to a *damned* fine — \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

*(The Editor takes leave to suppress  
 this part of the narration, it being  
 too unchaste for the public eye; and  
 containing such accounts of a man’s  
 prostituting his wife, as would not be  
 credited any where but in Dublin,  
 where the facts were infamously noto-  
 rious.)*

“ I THEN

“ I THEN applied to the publish-  
 “ ers of every news-paper in *Dub-*  
 “ *lin*, and offered to write for  
 “ them all ; but was employed  
 “ only for *five*, besides the two  
 “ magazines. Any subject was e-  
 “ qual to me : I was capable of  
 “ all. I was a Ministerialist one  
 “ day, and a flaming Patriot the  
 “ next : I was a Tory in the morn-  
 “ ing, and a Whig in the evening.  
 “ I was an *Amby Dexter* ; and  
 “ *Tom Smart-Eye Cam Mircutio* \*  
 “ was my motto. I wrote a pane-  
 “ gyric on a man in the *Freeman’s*  
 “ *Journal* ; I lampooned him in  
 “ the

\* He means, it is apprehended, *Tam Marti*  
*quam Mercurio*.

“ the *Dublin Mercury* ; I defended  
 “ the panegyric and the great man  
 “ in the *Hibernian Journal* ; I  
 “ shewed the one to be misplaced,  
 “ and the other a scoundrel in the  
 “ *Dublin Evening Post* ; and in the  
 “ *Weekly Journal*, I pitched him to  
 “ the Devil, and proved that in  
 “ the present times, there was  
 “ neither genius nor learning, nor  
 “ wit, nor integrity, nor honour,  
 “ in the world,——except what  
 “ I possessed myself.——In this  
 “ manner I went on for some  
 “ time, and lived comfortably e-  
 “ nough on the profits of my own  
 “ and my wife’s *labours* ; though I  
 “ own I was often most d-mn-bly  
 “ nettled to hear the printers and  
 X “ booksellers



“ booksellers call me by the name of  
“ the LYING HISTORIAN, a *Jack-*  
“ *of-all-Trades*, and swear, that  
“ though I pretended to know e-  
“ very thing, that in reality I knew  
“ nothing. This galled me to be  
“ sure ; but I pocketed the affront  
“ because I could not resent it.  
“ I then set up a bit of a Ta-  
“ vern, or *House of Recreation*,  
“ selling wines privately, and thus  
“ became a VINTNER, my wife do-  
“ ing the *business*, and I putting my  
“ *hand* to it occasionally. At  
“ length, finding myself universal-  
“ ly detested——called a pick-  
“ pocket for cheating my subscri-  
“ bers——stigmatized as a mere  
“ pretender to science——threat-  
“ ened

"ened to be summoned to the  
 "Court of Conscience by hun-  
 "dreds of persons I had duped—  
 "and my business being entirely  
 "lost on account of my *negligence*  
 "and *carelessness*; I put the key  
 "under the door of my landlord's  
 "house, on *Miltown-road*, and  
 "left *Dublin*, and the army of  
 "creditors I left crying after me,  
 "on a *Connaught Monday*, and  
 "came here to try my fortune;  
 "where, thanks to my fertile ge-  
 "nius, and my unblushing face,  
 "with my wife's industry, *in her*  
 "*way*, I make a shift to live to-  
 "lerably at my ease."

THE learned Doctor having finished his long narrative, our hero asked him, if he really ever had travelled; and if he intended to publish the Voyages and Travels he had proposed.

“WHY, my dear friend,” replied the *genius*; “this is a close question; but to be sincere with you  
“——*no*. I do not ever intend  
“to publish what I *call* my voyages and travels: I published the  
“proposal merely to put some half  
“crowns in my pocket, and never intended to print more than  
“*one number*: And as to those  
“voyages and travels, by the  
“great G—— of the Globe, I  
“voyaged

“ voyaged and travelled only *in*  
“ *my* CLOSET, and compiled my  
“ work from books of that na-  
“ ture I borrowed from the book-  
“ fellers, but which books——  
“ mind me!—I was not such a fool  
“ as to return.”

C H A P. XVII.

*Our Hero leads an extravagant and libertine life, but preaches the Word of G— frequently.—His sentiments of Methodist Teachers in general.—Resolves to quit the Trade of Methodist Preacher.—His remarks on that occasion.—Is in doubt what profession to follow.—Casts dice to determine him, in imitation of a late Irish Prelate.—The cast fixes him a Fortune-Teller.*

AS soon as our hero was re-established in his health, he preached the Word of God, to numerous audiences



audiences in and near *London*, and got money apace, but which, being of an extravagant, or as himself called it, *generous* disposition, he spent as freely ; so that he knew not what it was to make provision for futurity, or guard against the Chapter of Accidents.

He was much approved of by the Methodist Teachers in general, who considered him as a zealous servant of God, and endued with much greater abilities to dispense the Word than his Brethren. This good opinion was not, however, mutual. Our hero, from a thorough knowledge of his Brethren's conduct, and the motives  
with

with which they were swayed, drew conclusions greatly to their disadvantage. He considered the whole body of Methodist Preachers, as composed of two great branches, the *hypocritical* and the *ignorant*; but these might be divided, and subdivided into numbers of others, which, however differing in name, all deduced their origin from the two just mentioned.

THE more he saw of their principles and conduct, the more he detested them. He found them, not only universally illiterate and designing, but the most *impudent* of all impudent mortals; a body of men, that though composed of  
*Black-*

*Blacksmiths, Cobblers, Curriers, Tinkers, Barbers, Joiners, Butchers, and Coal-Heavers,* had the assurance to take on them the dispensation of the Gospel of God, to instruct the *Nobles*, and to reform the *State*. If any of them were charged with presumption for undertaking such arduous works, they would answer, "JESUS C—ST  
" was a Carpenter, and did the  
" same."

OUR hero grew at length sick of the profession ; for though he possessed a very pliable conscience that would not shrink from actions a tolerably moral man would regard with horror ; yet he was so much  
out-

out-done by his hypocritical Brethren, who proposed his joining them in schemes highly deserving the gibbet, that he found, however free he had been in his conduct and principles, that there were *degrees* in wickedness he dare not aspire to, and which could be reached only by a staunch and real Methodist Teacher.

REVOLVING on these things, he came to a resolution to quit a *trade* he had so long followed, and take up some other. But here he was for a long time at a loss. To recommence candle-snuffer, after he had *shone* as a Methodist Preacher, was a degradation he could

could by no means submit to.—

“No!” said our hero; “that  
“would be a fall indeed. My spi-  
“rit can never submit to that. I  
“can never stoop to snuff candles  
“at a Play-House, after I have for  
“some years snuffed the under-  
“standings of mankind, and light-  
“ed the candles of the Gospel in  
“the assemblies of the Saints.”—

He then cast a retrospect on his  
adventures in the character of Pic-  
kle-Herring; and notwithstanding  
the ill fortune that had attended  
his Brother-Actor the Quack-Doc-  
tor, and himself being hunted by  
dogs, and narrowly escaping Ac-  
TÆON's fate, he was half inclined  
to take up that business, as it was  
so



so very profitable and pleasant.—  
The Doctor, he knew, had brought the misfortune on himself, by launching out of his depth, and administering medicines he knew not the qualities of; whereas, for his own part, he determined, if he commenced *travelling Physician*, he would put nothing in his potions but good spring water, differently coloured, and in his pills nothing but fine powder of post, or some well-ground brick-dust, which could do no great harm to his patients.

ANOTHER profession he was prejudiced in favour of, was that of a Fortune-Teller. His friend

FOOTE,

FOOTE, not long before, had gained a good deal of money in *Dublin*, by passing for an *Indian* Brahmin, or Gymnosophist, who could foretel future events by means of a magical drum; and he thought something of that kind, introduced in the remote Western and Northern parts of *England*, might meet with equal success; as the people there are little less credulous or superstitious than those of *Dublin*.

WHILE he contemplated on the several attractions of these two reputable callings, and in doubt to which he should give the preference, his mind resembled the si-

Y

tuation

tuation of the Schoolmen's Ass, between two Thistles. The longer he considered on the subject, the more he was perplexed. At length, he resolved to follow the example of a late Primate of *Ireland*, \* who being pulled different ways by the *Gospel* and the *Sword*, as GARRICK in the print is pulled by *Tragedy* and *Comedy*, he cast dice for his profession, and damned the cast that condemned him to the *Church*.

Our hero determined to follow the Prelate's practice; and cast the dice.——The dice giving their voice in favour of fortune-telling, a Fortune-Teller he resolved to be.

C H A P.

\* DR. STONE.

## C H A P. XVIII.

*Our Hero, resolved on shewing his abhorrence of Methodism, writes several pieces against it, both in Prose and Verse.——Parodies the first Hymn in the Collection of Mr. JOHN WESLEY, for the Landlord of the George Inn, at Trowbridge, Wilts.——The Landlord's Invitation, a Parody.*

**B**EFORE our hero commenced Fortune-Teller, to shew the detestation in which he held the principles and practices of Methodists, he took up a *green-goose quill* that

lay near him, and wrote against them several essays and pieces in rhyme, for poetry I cannot call them, which he sent to the publishers of our periodical papers, who gave them to the world.

It would, no doubt, be satisfactory to the readers of this true history to peruse these specimens of our hero's genius. But this is more than I can present them with. He looked on them himself in so indifferent a light, that he never preserved any of them. One small piece, however, I luckily kept, it being written on the back of a tobacco-paper, and my hero never making any other copy. He actually



tually composed it extempore, for the landlord of a public-house at *Trowbridge* in *Wiltshire*. It is a burlesque parody of the first hymn in Mr. JOHN WESLEY's collection of, what he calls, *spiritual* songs.

THAT my readers may form some little idea of my hero's talents in this species of writing, I give them the original and the parody in opposite pages.

Y 3 H Y M N

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H Y M N.

**H**O! Every one that thirsts draw nigh,  
( 'Tis God invites the fallen race )  
Mercy and free salvation buy,  
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel-grace.

II.

Come to the living waters, come ;  
Sinners, obey your Maker's call ;  
Return, ye weary wand'ers, home,  
And find my grace reach'd out to all.

III.

See from the rock a fountain rise !  
For you in healing streams it rolls :  
Money ye need not bring, nor price,  
Ye lab'ring, burthen'd, sin-sick souls.

IV.

Nothing ye in exchange shall give :  
Leave all you have, and are, behind ;  
Frankly the gift of God receive,  
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

V.

Why seek ye that which is not bread,  
Nor can your hungry souls sustain ?  
On ashes, husks, and air ye feed,  
Ye spend your little all in vain.

VI.

In search of empty joys below,  
Ye toil with unavailing strife :  
Whither, ah whither would you go ?  
I have the words of endless life.

VII.

Hearken to me with earnest care,  
And freely eat substantial food ;  
The sweetness of my mercies share,  
And taste that I alone am good.

VIII.

I bid you all my goodness prove,  
My promises for sinners free :  
Come taste the manna of my love,  
And let your soul delight in me.

IX.

Your willing ear and heart incline,  
My words believingly receive,  
Quicken'd your soul, by faith divine,  
An everlasting life shall live.

THE LANDLORD'S INVITATION.---A PARODY.,

**H**O! Every one that thirsts draw nigh,  
'Tis GEORGE invites the thirsty race,  
Beef-Steaks and sound *October* buy,  
Call for long pipes, and smoak apace.

II.

Come to the charming liquors, come;  
Toppers, obey your Landlord's call;  
Return, ye thirsty hunters, home,  
And find my beer reach'd out to all.

III.

See from my cellar fountains rise!  
For you in sparkling streams it rolls:  
Money ye needs must bring for pies,  
To treat your stomachs, hungry souls!

IV.

Cash in exchange for beer pray give:  
Leave all you have for that behind;  
Frankly your Landlord's beer receive,  
And give your sorrows to the wind.

V.

Why seek ye that which is *brown* bread,  
Nor can your thirsty souls sustain?  
Get *wheaten*, and on beef-steaks feed,  
Your cash you'll not then spend in vain.

VI.

In search of the best beer below  
Ye toil, when-ever ye do dine:  
Whither, ah whither would you go?  
You'll not find better beer than mine.

VII.

Hearken to me with earnest care,  
And eat of my substantial food;  
The sweetness of my mince-pies share,  
And taste that they alone are good.

VIII.

I bid my guests my liquors prove,  
My ham and fowls for them are free;  
Come taste, all ye that dainties love,  
And for those dainties cash give me.

IX.

Your willing ear and heart inclines,  
My invitation pray receive,  
Quicken'd your souls by sound Port wine,  
The life of lives you then shall live.

## C H A P. XIX.

*Our hero provides himself with a proper apparatus for his profession of a Fortune-Teller.——His reputation increases, and his lodgings are always crowded.——His rival in the Old-Bailey looks on him with a jealous eye.——He engages in his service two Irish gentlemen.——What sort of men Mr. MC. SHANNON, and Mr. FENAGHTY were.*

**O**UR hero having resolved to turn Fortune-Teller, took the proper methods of making his profession known, and to carry it on with

with success. He provided himself an apparatus of a black gown, a long beard, a wand, a globe, and some other things he borrowed from the property-man of the theatre he had quitted ; and in a little time his fame had spread all over the city ; and the Fortune-Teller in the *Old-Bailey*, who had subsisted so long on the credulity of the public, began to look on him as a very formidable rival.

His lodgings were splendid, and people could enter them by a passage resembling those near pawn-brokers shops, without fear of discovery. Hither the young and the fair, the old and the deformed, the designing



designing and the dupe, the wise and the otherwise, all resorted. The famous Fortune-Teller's doors were more crowded than a great man's drawing-room, or a Methodist teacher's conventicle. Every one that had lost their spoons or their buckles, their linen or their woollen, their pigs or their wives, applied to our Fortune-Teller to hear their doom, and receive his counsel.

COFFEE-GROUNDS were no longer held in repute. The twirling of cups was deemed folly. The throwing the rhind of an apple over one's head, to see what letter it would resemble on its falling,

ing, thereby shewing the initial letter of the lover's name, was thought a mere childishness, and no longer practised. The famous Fortune-Teller only could do the ladies business, and aid the love-struck swain in his addresses to the cruel fair-one.

HE saw with pleasure his levees were numerous, and his edicts obeyed. But as a prodigious number of young widows and wanton wives attended him daily to have their fortunes told, and he was unable to go through all the business, he took into his service two gentlemen of right *Hibernian* breed  
—true

—true natives of the sod—to assist him.

THE first was a *Munster*-man, PATRICK MC. SHANNON by name, who though he could neither read or write, knew the doctrine of chances, and played billiards to a miracle. He was a broad-shouldered, strapping fellow, six feet high, had a long nose, strong legs, and no modest assurance.

THE other was an Irish Jesuit, SHELAGH O'FENAGHTY by name. He was born at *Newry*, in the County of *Down*, where he educated youth, and preached the doctrines of the *Romish* church. Fain would

he have staid in his native country; but having seduced some of his female scholars, and committed some other *venial* trespasses, he thought it more convenient to him to come to *London*, than to stay at *Newry*.

—SHELAGH was a well-set man, about five feet ten inches high, and thirty-five years of age.

SHELAGH was a great favourite of the wives and widows that resorted to our hero's. They invited him to their houses frequently, and entertained him superbly.— Doubtless, his business was to *confess* and give them *absolution*, for he always visited them in private, and would not go near them,

Z

when

when their husbands, fathers, mothers, or brothers, were at home.

OUR hero now renewed his acquaintance with the choice spirits, for he knew they could be of great use to him, in telling him the private histories and characters of many persons of either sex, that resorted to him to learn their fortunes. They opened to him the Book of Gallantry, or Atalantis of the day; and told him the names of many persons of high rank, who came to him in disguise to know their future fates.



## C H A P. XX.

*Lady VAINLOVE attends our Hero to have her fortune told.——A woman seldom asks advice 'till she has determined how to act.——My Lady's Chambermaid has her fortune told.——Is highly pleased at the description of her future husband.*

**A**MONG the many people who attended our Fortune-Teller, to learn their various destinies; was a lady of high rank and distinction I shall call VAINLOVE. She affected, like some other ladies in

high-life, to put no confidence in divination, yet most implicitly believed in it——believed in it much more than she did in holy writ. She came in disguise, being dressed like her chambermaid, and her chambermaid like her.

HER servant was first introduced to our hero, whom he happened to know, as well as her ladyship. Giving him a guinea, she desired him to tell her fortune, as well as her maid's, who was in the outer room.

OUR hero observed, it would be highly necessary then they should be

be together, and sent his servant to the pretended chambermaid; on whose appearance he shewed her the greatest respect imaginable, tendering his services to her ladyship, and paying very little attention to the chambermaid dressed in the countess's cloaths.

LADY VAINLOVE was now confirmed in her opinion of our hero's skill; nevertheless, she affected to ridicule him for his want of discernment; and the well-dressed chambermaid insisted she was the identical countess, and the other her servant.

"MAY it please your ladyship,"  
 cried our hero, addressing himself  
 to the countess; "you act very  
 "impolitic to come to me for a  
 "display of my art, and yet affect  
 "to doubt it.—By the tables  
 "of *Hermes Trismegistus* here, I find  
 "you do *not* doubt my ART: So  
 "far you are in the right, for no-  
 "thing is more certain. I find  
 "too, you have dressed yourself  
 "in your servant's cloaths, and  
 "made her wear yours. As you  
 "have received these proofs of my  
 "skill, you may now, madam, com-  
 "mand any other."

HER ladyship was confounded;  
 and finding it needless to hide the  
 truth

truth from a man that knew every thing, confessed her maid and she had changed cloaths. She then requested to know of our hero, which of her lovers had the greatest affection for her, and would prove the best husband ; for since the death of her late lord, she had been so teized with their addresses, that she had come to a resolution of making one of them happy.

OUR hero was now at a loss ; for he neither knew the lady's lovers, nor their various good and ill qualities. He told her, however, it was necessary she should describe her lovers to him, and he would then calculate her nativity, and



and by seeing what star was predominant at her birth, would be able to tell whether it was possible for her to be unfortunate with any one; which however, from her ladyship's amiable qualities, he did not think could be the case. "Nevertheless," continued he, "caution should be used in all affairs of importance, particularly in those relative to matrimony; for although those born under a fortunate planet can never be miserable, yet by misconduct they may be less happy than they might be, if they regulated their conduct by the dictates of prudence and reason."

THE

THE countess acknowledged the truth of our hero's observations; and after some more discourse, informed him of the number of her lovers, their names, rank, ages, fortunes, and accomplishments; by which any man of tolerable sense, unprejudiced and unbiaſſed, might eaſily foretell which would make the beſt huſband.

OUR hero, however, was to keep up form and ſolemnity, or the force of his obſervations and admonitions would be leſſened, and the truth of his decrees and predictions called in queſtion; for he had found by conſtant experience, that as in the common occurrences

currences of life, the very same words or sentences, spoke by different people, and in a different manner, would be differently regarded, and make a very different impression on men's minds; so *his* observations, delivered in a slow, solemn, and grave manner, though in no wise superior to what any common person might make, were received and regarded as oracular; whereas had they been delivered in a hasty, light, YORICK-LIKE *manner*, they would have been treated quite contemptuously.

HE now asked the lady with great solemnity, the year, month, day, nay the very minute of her birth,

birth, and then spoilt a sheet of good writing-paper, by drawing lines, circles, and triangles upon it : After which he gravely informed her, she could not be miserable, marry who she would ; but if she gave her hand to Lord WORTHY she must be perfectly happy.

SHE told the Fortune-Teller she detested him.

“ WHY then, madam,” said he,  
“ the stars tell me that Sir WIL-  
“ LIAM TRUEMAN, being a man  
“ of honour, sense and merit,  
“ would make your ladyship hap-  
“ py.”

HER

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HER ladyship informed him he was her aversion.

"WHY then," said our Fortune-Teller, " what do you say to lord  
"LOVEMORE?"

"O! A Fool."

"To my lord MERIT?"

"A BRUTE."

"To lord HONOUR?"

"A MONSTER."

"To sir JAMES MANLEY?"

"A REPTILE."



“ To lord FOPPINGTON ?”

“ A WELL-BRED, sensible, polite  
“ man. But pray, what say the  
“ stars to fir JOHN WORTHLESS ?”

OUR hero again scrawled some  
lines, and drew some circles; then  
with a solemn voice told her la-  
dyship, fir JOHN was not formed  
to make a woman happy; that he  
was morose, ignorant, indelicate,  
dishonest, treacherous,”——

“ O SAY no more !” exclaimed  
her ladyship, “ you have terrified  
“ me much: But however, I am  
“ determined on having fir JOHN.  
“ He is a man after my own heart;

A a

“ and

“and I am sure will make an excellent husband.”

OUR hero begged pardon of her ladyship for giving his opinion so freely of sir JOHN ; but observed, that he had spoke only the sentiments of the stars, and that *they* only could be to blame, if what he said was ill received.

No ; her ladyship assured him, she did not take any thing amiss ; but she was greatly piqued the stars behaved so ungentlemanly as to contradict a *lady's* inclinations, and protested she would unite herself to sir JOHN in three or four days : “And perhaps,” added she,  
3 gaily,

gaily, “ as soon as the honey-  
 “ moon is over, both fir JOHN and  
 “ I may pay you a visit, to shew  
 “ you that the stars for *once* have  
 “ prognosticated falsely.”

HAVING dispatched her ladyship,  
 the chambermaid wanted to have  
 her fortune told; but her tongue  
 ran like an alarum clock, or ra-  
 ther, it resembled the perpetual  
 motion, so that our hero was quite  
 tired of her. He had informed  
 her that the stars declared, she  
 had been first seduced by a hand-  
 some, comely man; that she had  
 since been criminally concerned  
 with many; that the coachman  
 and she ———

SHE would not let him go on. She said, he must certainly hold a correspondence with the Devil to know these things; but she begged to know, if fate had any good things in store for her.

To make her quite easy, and go away with a light heart, he informed her, that by the aspect of the star that reigned at her nativity, he could plainly perceive she was born to great good luck; that a man of fortune would pay his addresses to her in an honourable way very speedily; and that if she continued chaste 'till then, which, nevertheless, he owned, would be a severe trial, she having been born  
when

when MARS and VENUS were in hot conjunction, she would be married to him, and live very happily.

“ BUT shall I have children ?” demanded she. “ You know, fir, “ the intent of marriage is to propagate our *specius*, and to decrease and multiply; and a husband that does not do his best endeavours this way, is worse than a Heathen or an Ale-house-keeper. Besides, fir, you know “ St. PAUL says, as how the husband must render due benevolence to his wife, whereof if he “ does not, he is a very wicked, impotent feller. Moreover, chil-



“dren are the fruits of love, as  
“some wise poet calls them, and  
“olive-branches, as the great A-  
“RISTOTLE terms them; and  
“happy, says he, is the woman  
“that hath her quiver full of them.  
“Now, sir, as I would not be want-  
“ing in my honest endeavours, I  
“should be glad to know as whe-  
“ther my husband will render me  
“due benevolence, or do his duty  
“in that state of life, to which it  
“should please the God of Love to  
“call him.”

OUR hero was quite tired of her  
eternal clack; however, to make  
her as well pleased as he could, he  
told her, that the husband the  
stars

stars had predestined her to marry, would be tall, stout and vigorous, and would even go beyond the apostle's precept of *due* benevolence.

“ Now Heaven be praised !” cried she, “ for now I am sure to be  
“ well”——

“ KISSED,” said the Fortune-Teller.

C H A P.

## C H A P. XXI.

*A very marvellous and delectable story concerning a poor, old, simple fellow, his dead wife, and his living daughter.*

A POOR, old, simple fellow, having buried his wife, was disconsolate for many days, and knew not what to do. He was advised by his friends to go to the Fortune-Teller, but having no money, without which a man might as well venture into a lawyer's presence, he declined going for some time, but at length getting a shilling

ling or two, he took courage, and presented himself before him.

THE Expounder of the Stars told him, to “down with the “dust, and produce the ready “rhino;” but the old Simpleton made such a lamentation, that the Fortune-Teller thought he had lost either his money or his wits; but when he heard it was only his wife, he could not forbear laughing in his face.

THE poor, old, simple fellow bore the affront with all the composure of a senseless Stoic, a modern Methodist, or a quivering Quaker.

Quaker. He sought to excite our hero's pity ; but was unable. He sought to have the Book of Fate disclosed to him *gratis* ; but without effect. He sought by tears and sorrow to make a man melancholy, who had rather be mirthful. " For the love of God ! Mr. Fortune-Teller, do tell me my fortune. Am I to hope for happiness in this *wale* of tears, or to follow my poor dear lamb. I am in fore distress, and have only one blooming daughter, that"——

" HA ! a daughter, say'st thou ?  
" How old may she be pray ?"

" SHE



“ SHE is a fine girl, juſt ſixteen,  
“ fir, *at your ſervice.*”

“ WELL—a—ſo—a—you want  
“ a——that is——I mean you want  
“ to have her fortune told ?”

“ No, fir ; I wants my own  
“ fortune told. I wants to know,  
“ vwhether as how I’m doomed to  
“ be miſerable or happy, now my  
“ poor dear lamb is in her father  
“ ABRAHAM’S boſom, as DIVES and  
“ LAZARUS calls it.”

“ BUT pray, friend,” cried our  
hero, “ you were talking about  
“ your daughter——Now I think  
“ ſhe may promote your welfare  
“ greatly.

“greatly.——What business was  
“she bred up to?”

“BUSINESS, fir ! lack-a-day, she  
“was brought up to no business,  
“fir. Her mother bred her up  
“like a fine lady, and I can’t get  
“her to do any thing.”

“O! I’LL warrant you she’ll do  
“something bye and bye,” cried  
our hero. “But what profession  
“do you follow, friend?”

“WHO, I fir?——Why, fir, I’m  
“a taylor, at your service, fir.”

“O! I thought so.——Well  
“——and so, you’d be glad to  
“have

“ have your nativity calculated,

“ and your fortune told?”

“ I SHOULD like it of all things,

“ an’t please your honour, if you’d

“ be so good to *dissolve* it for me ;

“ for I hear great accounts of your

“ wisdom all over the town, as how

“ you’re a wery wise man, at these

“ here kind of things.”

“ WELL; and what may be your

“ name, honest friend ?”

“ ANAN, sir!”

“ WHAT is your name?”

B b

“ MY

"MY name, fir!——JOSEPH,  
"fir."

"WHO gave you that name?"

"I DON'T know who gave me  
"the name, fir; but I've heard say,  
"as how it was my great grand-  
"father JOSEPH the pawnbroker,  
"who vas a *wery wealthy* man."

"BUT what is your surname?"

"MY surname!——O, you  
"means my other name, I sup-  
"pose. Why, fir, my other name  
"is FEEBLE, fir, at your service."

"FEE-

“ FEEBLE ! A very good name, I  
 “ protest, a very excellent name ;  
 “ and a good name is better than  
 “ *mercurial* ointment.”

“ YES, fir, and for the scripture  
 “ says, fir, if I be n’t mistaken.—  
 “ But, fir, shall I shew you my  
 “ hand, to tell my fortune ? Or do  
 “ you do it by coffee-grounds, or  
 “ tea-grounds ?”

“ BY neither, friend.”

“ O MAYHAP then, you do it  
 “ by cards ; or by dice ; or by the  
 “ flying of birds ; or chirping of  
 “ crickets ?”



"No; by neither of these."

"OR by the lines in one's forehead; or the dipping in a bible; or by pricking one's finger; or by the pecking of fowls; or by the"——

"No, no, no, I tell you. 'Tis by neither of those methods: they are all trifling; fit only for old women and boys."

"AND yet," cried the other, "I made use of them methods, when I was a young youth. I used to tell fortunes by the hopping of coals out of the fire; by the  
"coffins

" coffins in candles ; by walking of  
 " Candlemas Eve in gardens, and  
 " repeating,

" *Hempseed I set, and hempseed I sow,*  
 " *And he that is my true love, come*  
 " *after me and mow ;*"

" by putting bride-cake under one's  
 " pillow ; by observing the moles  
 " on the body ; by expounding  
 " dreams ; and by sundry other  
 " pleasant devices.—But I marvel  
 " now what method *yourn* be, that  
 " you tell fortune<sup>r</sup> by."

" I'LL tell you *what*, my good  
 " friend," said the Fortune-Teller,  
 putting his hand on the old fel-

low's shoulder; "bring your daughter here to-morrow, and I'll tell both your fortunes."

"HEAVEN bless your Excellency!" cried the poor, old, simple fellow, shedding tears of joy: "I'll bring my girl, be assured; and I hope you'll then *do for her.*"

"DOUBT it not," answered the Fortune-Teller.

CHAP.

## C H A P. XXII.

*Our Hero is taken before the Lord-Mayor of London for a fraud.—His ingenious method to extricate himself.——Conversation between him and his Lordship.*

FROM whatever cause it proceeded our hero knew not, but certain it is the old man did not bring his daughter, or come himself the next day, as he had promised. It seems reasonable to imagine, that on revolving in his mind the impropriety of bringing his daughter, or perhaps her aversion to it, that  
 he

he had altered his intention. This gave him ~~some~~ concern; for while his associates Mr. MC. SHANNON and Father O'FENAGHTY were happy in the good graces of many a fair-one, our hero could not boast any tender connection with any one.

IN the mean time he led a very pleasant and agreeable life. He diverted himself with getting money all the day, and at night spent it in company with his friends. MC. SHANNON and O'FENAGHTY, and in enjoying all the diversions of the town, as much as any gentleman of a thousand a year fortune could have done.



BUT now the Lord Mayor, who was remarkable for his soft head and large appetite, heard of his fame. A poor woman complained to his lordship, that our hero had defrauded her of a shilling.—The matter was as follows.

THE woman, as superstitious and credulous as any woman could be, having her only child ill, a lad of about eight years of age; in the anxiety of her soul came to our hero, to know if he would live or die.—Our hero went through the usual formalities of drawing circles, lines and triangles, and told her with great confidence, to set her heart at rest, for in three days

days her child would be *out of danger*, and *do very well*.

THE poor woman departed, greatly rejoicing; and not in the least doubting the truth of the prediction.

IN three days the child was *out of danger* sure enough; and if we believe that Heaven is the portion of innocence, he *did very well*.

EVEN now the childless widow distrusted not the Prophet's skill, but she questioned his honesty.—She imagined he fore-knew the child's fate, but prophesied contrary to his knowledge. Full of  
resentment,

resentment, she complained to the chief magistrate, and he sent two of his officers to bring our hero before him.

HE was accordingly conducted to Guildhall, amidst the shouts and acclamations of the people, who laughed at his distress, and deridingly asked him, "If he was a Conjuror or Fortune-Teller, why he did not foreknow and foretel his own Fortune?"

OUR hero, however, was not daunted. He possessed a presence of mind that was his friend on all occasions; and he thought he had hit on a scheme, in his own mind, that

that would infallibly bring him out of danger.

“COME,” cries his lordship,  
“bring this cunning man, this  
“*wise sage*, this *adet* in the *cult*  
“sciences before me.—How  
“now, firrah! what are you the  
“famous Conjuror that *has* made  
“so much noise of late, eh!”

OUR hero was just going to answer his lordship, when the woman said, that was the man that had defrauded her of a shilling, and had prophesied falsely, and she was ready to swear it.

“O! VE-

“ O VERY well, Mr. Conjuror,”  
 cried his lordship, “ we’ll conjure  
 “ you presently. And how long  
 “ *has* you dealt in conjuring, pray ?  
 “ ———What ! you buy *wines* in  
 “ *Lapland*, or *Lancashire*, I suppose,  
 “ and sell them in *London* !—Well,  
 “ Mr. Conjuror, the charge is very  
 “ heavy against you. The woman  
 “ exhibits you for a Fortune-  
 “ Teller, and is ready to swear a  
 “ Corporal’s oath you have de-  
 “ ceived——and defrauded——and  
 “ cheated——and choused her out  
 “ of———how much was it, mis-  
 “ tress ?——Ay, a shilling——that  
 “ you have cheated her out of a  
 “ shilling, Mr. Conjuror.———You  
 “ know, Mr. Conjuror, a shilling is



“ money——especially in a poor  
“ woman’s pocket, and in hard  
“ times, as the present *is*.——  
“ And yet——notwithstanding  
“ that, you have cheated and de-  
“ frauded her out of a shilling.—  
“ Now what do you choose—or  
“ desire—or request—or think  
“ fit, or expedient, or proper to say  
“ to these heavy exhibitions against  
“ you ?”

“ MAY it please your lordship,”  
answered our hero, modestly yet  
firmly ; “ I acknowledge to have re-  
“ ceived a shilling from the poor  
“ woman here present ; not as a  
“ compensation for telling her for-  
“ tune, but merely to return it to  
“ her,

“ her, with four shillings added to  
“ it, in case her child should die ;  
“ which I am ready to do, as I  
“ find that since that time it hath  
“ pleased God to take him away.”

“ Oho !” cried his lordship, “ is  
“ that all ? So you received, or ac-  
“ cepted, or took a shilling, as it  
“ were, to give her four shillings,  
“ and the shilling she gave you, if  
“ the child died !——What say you  
“ to that, mistress ?”

“ Yes, my lord ; but I thoughts  
“ as how he intended to deceive  
“ me ; but as I find he is a very  
“ honest gentleman, if please your

“lordship, I will accept the  
“crown.”

“Ay, ay, take it, mistress,” cried  
his lordship, “*a crown is money*——  
“in these hard times.”

THE affair was now over; but  
his lordship, being willing to have  
a little fun with our hero, (for he  
was a very facetious, funny man,  
and a very wise one too, in a *cer-  
tain* person’s opinion) cried out;

“WELL, but Mr. Conjuror, how  
“long now *has* you been a Con-  
“juror? That is, how long *has* you  
“tried, or endeavoured, or sought,  
“or

“ or attempted to *make* money by  
 “ pretending—that is, as if—as  
 “ if you *was* able, or capable, or  
 “ wise enough to tell or declare a  
 “ man’s fortune ;——that is, I  
 “ mean his fortune that shall be  
 “ ——I don’t mean his past for-  
 “ tune, or the fortune that he has  
 “ gone through—but I mean that  
 “ which is to come——that is, I  
 “ mean his to-come-fortune, Mr.  
 “ Conjuror? How do you tell or  
 “ declare a man’s to-come-fortune?  
 “ For they say as how you be a  
 “ Conjuror.”

“ My lord,” replied our hero,  
 “ it is no uncommon circumstance  
 “ in human life, to find people’s

“ characters depreciated or misre-  
“ presented. Even the Good and  
“ Great fall a sacrifice to malice  
“ and envy : Why then should I  
“ escape censure ? But yet it is  
“ much easier to screen one’s self  
“ from the shafts of calumny in  
“ an obscure situation, than in a  
“ lofty and exposed one. The  
“ humble shrubs that grow be-  
“ neath the lofty trees, or the  
“ bending reeds that wanton in the  
“ winds, are secure from the bel-  
“ lowing blasts that tear the root-  
“ ed oaks, and split the lofty ce-  
“ dars.”

“ EH ! eh ! ” cried his lordship,  
“ what is that you say ? Why I  
“ don’t



“ don’t understand you——you  
 “ talk of shafts, and trees, and  
 “ reeds, and I know not what all.  
 “ I *purtest*,” continued his lord-  
 ship, addressing himself to a gen-  
 tleman that stood near him, “ I  
 “ believe this is either a madman  
 “ or a poet.”

“ I SAY, my lord,” continued our  
 hero, “ that scandal and detraction  
 “ are general as the winds, blow-  
 “ ing on every one, and making  
 “ no less devastation with the cha-  
 “ racters of men, than the winds  
 “ of Heaven do with the trees of  
 “ the forest, or the ships on the  
 “ ocean. For my part, though  
 “ people

“people say I’m a Conjuror, I  
 “have no reason to complain,  
 “since I only share their cen-  
 “sure with your lordship.——

“Though your lordship’s high  
 “rank in life, and eminent in-  
 “tellectual abilities ought to ex-  
 “empt you from calumny, yet  
 “they have been unable to do it,  
 “for people have even ventured  
 “to attack your lordship’s cha-  
 “racter.”

“HA ! Friend, how’s that ?  
 “How’s that ?” asked his lord-  
 ship eagerly, knitting his brows,  
 wriggling on his seat, and seem-  
 3 ing

ing quite discomposed; "What's  
"that you say, Mr. Conjuror?"

"WHY, my lord," replied our  
hero, "they say you are *no* Con-  
"juror?"

C H A P.

## C H A P. XXIII.

*A shorter Chapter than the preceding or following.—Our Hero's fame in its meridian splendor.—He is sent to Bridewell to beat hemp.—Is visited by Mr. Mc. SHANNON and Father O'FENAGHTY.*

OUR hero's fame was now in its meridian; but the strumpet FORTUNE, who delights in plaguing mankind, now played him a scurvy trick. Without a metaphor, a neighbouring magistrate, who had got his maid-servant with child, hearing that our hero had foretold

told he should die very speedily, to the servant that had gone to have her fortune told, granted a warrant against him, and not listening to any thing he would have alledged in his vindication, committed him to *Bridewell*, for exercising his function contrary to law.

PATRICK MC. SHANNON and SHEL-  
LAGH O'FENAGHTY happened to be amusing themselves with a beef-steak and a bowl of punch at the *Robinhood*, in *Butcher-Row*, when the officer committed their friend to prison; but hearing of his misfortune, they went to *Bridewell* to comfort him.



ON their entering into the prison, they instantly set eyes on him ; but oh ! how changed !——Stripped of his ensigns of dignity, his furred cap and venerable gown, he exhibited a melancholy spectacle of the reverse of fortune. His cloaths were all in tatters ; for on his entering into the prison, the whores and rogues there all fell upon him, crying out with a loud voice, “ Behold the Conjuror !” and in three minutes had demolished his coat, torn his waistcoat, plundered his pockets, robbed him of his shoes and buckles, pulled off all the buttons from his breeches, burnt his wig, and loaded him with reproaches.

HE had not been long in his new apartment, before one of the keeper's servants, unwilling he should be a prey to the attacks of contemplation and mental uneasiness, kindly endeavoured to prevent the encroachments of either, by giving some employment for his hands; and presenting him with a huge mallet and a large quantity of hemp, he was told to *divert* himself by beating it. Our hero eyed both mallet and hemp with disdain, and then cast an eye of indignation on the servant, and told him he and his hemp and his mallet might all be d——. The consequence of the refusal and speech were a few strokes, smartly

D d

laid

laid on his shoulders with a rattan cane, which made him writhe and twist about like an eel in a bowl, after being much handled.

AFTER the correction, unwilling to give the keeper's servant further trouble by exercising the rattan, he took the mallet, and beat the hemp. —It was in this employment his two friends found him. —Good G——! what an employment for a Conjuror!

CHAP.

## C H A P. XXIV.

*His Friends visit him in his distress.---*

*In what manner they endeavoured to comfort him.-----*

*Father O'FENAGHTY'S pious resolution to preach a Sermon on a useful topic.-----*

*They take their leave of our Hero.*

“**T**HE D— burn me now!” cried Father O'FENAGHTY, the Jesuit, “but it's a vast indignity put upon you, so it is, to make you *bate* hemp.”

“BY JASUS! nothing is so moving as a *grate* man in distress,”

observed PATRICK Mc. SHANNON  
to Father O'FENAGHTY.

"THE D——l fire me and run  
"away with me now," exclaimed  
the Jesuit, "but this employment  
"is not proper for a jontilman!"

OUR hero, on their entering the  
prison, was so intent on his *busi-*  
*ness*, that he saw not his friends;  
but hearing their voices, he held up  
his head, while the mallet was sus-  
pended in the air, looked wistfully  
in their faces, and heaved a deep  
sigh.

"By the immortal thunder of  
"the Pope's Bull!" swore SHELAGH  
O'FE-



O'FENAGHTY with a good grace, to his friend PATRICK MC. SHANNON, who taking up a handful of hemp in his hands, was feeling it with his fingers, eying it attentively, and seemingly examining into its nature and properties ;——“ By  
 “ the immortal thunder of the  
 “ Pope's Bull !” swore SHELAGH O'FENAGHTY, holding up his right hand, and putting his left one in his breeches, and at the same time looking towards Heaven, as if accusing HEAVEN of injustice, for suffering so great a man as the Fortune-Teller to be visited with affliction ;——“ By the immortal thunder of the Pope's Bull !  
 “ but it's my opinion, I should not

“survive such a *tratement* as this  
“is!”

OUR hero looked SHELAGH O'FENAGHTY in the face, then held down his head, and sighed.

“By the rump of J——s!”  
swore the pious Jesuit; “but I'd be  
“*after* taking vengeance on the  
“causer of my imprisonment, so  
“I would, if I were in *your* place.”

THE poor Fortune-Teller again held up his head—looked SHELAGH O'FENAGHTY in the face——laid down his mallet—folded his arms——attempted to speak, but was  
unable

unable——while a pearly drop started from either eye, and was soon followed by others, that coursed each other down his dejected cheeks.

“ O SANCTA MARIA!——*Sem-*  
 “ *per Virgo!*——*Mater DEI!*” ex-  
 claimed SHELÀGH O’FENAGHTY,  
 the pious Jesuit, that was born at  
*Newry*, in the county of *Down*,  
 where he educated youth, and  
 preached the doctrines of the Ro-  
 misb church; “ but your *shitubashi-*  
 “ *on* is altered for the worse!——  
 “ O my stars! what a coat!——  
 “ what a waistcoat!——and then  
 “ your breeches are down at your  
 “ heels,

"heels, and the buttons have run  
 "away from 'em!"

OUR hero was still mute.—His  
 misfortunes had overcome him.—  
 His fortitude of mind had left him;  
 and Despair preyed on his soul.

"BY JASUS! now, but you don't  
 "speak at all, at all," cried Mr.  
 MC. SHANNON: "Come, never  
 "despair. Grief was not made  
 "for man. Care killed a cat. By  
 "the x of C——! but you seems  
 "to be quite cast down. Your  
 "shitukashion, to be sure, is altered  
 "for the worst, as Father O'FE-  
 "NAGHTY observes; but come, rise  
 "above

“above your misfortunes, and be  
“*grate* in distress.”

“By the *holy wood* now!” swore  
SHELAGH O’FENAGHTY to PA-  
TRICK Mc. SHANNON; “but I ne-  
“ver *hard* you *spake* so well be-  
“fore. “*Rise above your misfor-*  
“*tunes, and be grate in distress.*”---  
“By the sacred x but it is a good  
“saying! I will note it down in  
“my Common-Place Book, and  
“take it for a text, I will *dis-*  
“*coo-erse* on to my congregation  
“next Sunday at my chapel, so I  
“will.”

So saying, he took out his book,  
and minuted down the text.

“By



"By the *holy wind*!" swore PATRICK Mc. SHANNON, "but you  
 "seems to be bothered!——For  
 "the life of me, I can't *consave* as  
 "how this affair has happened;  
 "nor who your *sacret* enemies are  
 "now.——Can't you guess at  
 "all, at all, how this matter came  
 "about?"

OUR hero was still mute.

"By the bright \* \* \*  
 \* \* \*  
 \* \* \*  
 \* \* \*  
 \* \* \*  
 \* \* \*  
 \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* of Heaven!"  
 cried FATHER O'FENAGHTY; "but  
 "you

“ you are *bothered*, as Mr. Mc.  
 “ SHANNON *observes*. But come,  
 “ tell us now, what is the *razon* of  
 “ this same affair, honey !”

THE keeper's servant now appear-  
 ed. “ Gentlemen,” said he, “ it is  
 “ my master's orders, as how you  
 “ depart instantly, and leave the  
 “ prisoner to his work; whereof if  
 “ you stay, he will neglect it.”

THE two friends now took their  
 leave, and departed.

## C H A P. XXV.

*Our Hero findeth his Tongue, and complaineth of his sufferings in a very pathetic manner.——His Lamentations; in which he compareth his unhappy situation with his former prosperous one, and calleth on death to end his troubles.*

**A**FTER they were gone, our hero contemplated his melancholy situation, surveyed the objects around him, and unable to keep a silence, which so much afflicted him, he vented his thoughts in the following Lamentations;——for  
 2 being

being now alone, and not remind-  
ed by his friends, that "beating  
"hemp was an *indignity*," that  
"the employment was not proper  
"for a *gentleman*," and that his  
"situation was altered for the  
"worse," he was somewhat less de-  
jected, the fire kindled within him,  
and at the last he spake with his  
tongue.

THE  
 FORTUNE-TELLER'S  
 SOLILOQUY:

OR, THE BOOK OF  
 LAMENTATIONS.

**O**! THAT it was with me as in times past, when I eat of the good things of the earth, and feasted mine eyes with gold, and mine ears with music!

2. Those days were the days of joy, and I had pleasure therein. My cup then ran over with gladness, and I was held in high repute.

3. Yea,



3. Yea, the fame of my skill ran over the land. The young maidens and the old virgins applied to me for advice, and to learn their future fortunes.

4. I was consulted as an oracle. I was held as a sage, yea, even as the wisest among the wise; and my counsels were regarded as precepts of holy writ.

5. I was honoured as a prophet, and revered as a judge. My words were deemed the words of inspiration, and my prophesyings as divine.

6. The old men and the young men, the antient widows and the youthful wives, the heir that longed for his father's death, the married man that wanted a divorce, and the unmarried one that wanted a wife, the man that had lost his plate, or the girl her maiden-head, all applied to me, and were exceedingly rejoiced at the words of my mouth.

¶ 7. I got money apace. I lived in luxury and in pomp. Beautiful women lay by my side, and the choicest wines filled my cellar.

8. But now I weep in sackcloth and in ashes. My soul is full of  
woe,

woe, and I labour, and sigh and  
complain all the day long.

9. Pointed arrows pierce my soul.  
I drink the bitter draught of mi-  
sery, and eat the bread of anguish.

10. My soul is sick even unto  
death; and I long for the day that  
shall gather me to the rest of my  
fathers.

11. Cursed be the hour that gave  
me birth, and the lips that said, I  
have brought a man-child into the  
world.

12. Cursed be the day I turned  
Fortune-Teller, and pretended to

tell the destinies of other people,  
when I could not foresee my own.

13. Thrice accursed be the hour,  
my tongue uttered that the Justice  
of Peace would not live long ; and  
three times thrice be accursed the  
tongue that told it unto him.

¶ 14. Oh that I was in my  
grave, for then my soul would be  
at rest.

15. I am now in pain and mis-  
ery; but no one heareth my voice,  
or pitieth my condition.

16. They shake their heads at me  
as they pass by. They laugh me  
to

to scorn; they hold me in derision; they point at me with their fingers, and cry, ha, ha! even so we would have it.

17. Oh, that I was a slave in *Turkey*, or *Siberia*, or a worker in the mines of *Golconda*, or *Idra*, rather than be in *Bridewell* beating hemp.

18. I knew not my happiness while I enjoyed it; but I now feel all the horrors of the infernal spirits, in being deprived of the beautiful women that administered to my pleasures.

19. I shall



19. I shall no more see good days in the land of the living. My soul is sorely vexed, and my anguish of heart is more than I can express.

20. I sit fighting and sorrowful all the day long; and when the night cometh, it bringeth me no rest.

21. The beds of down I formerly pressed, arise to my remembrance, when I stretch me on my bed of straw; and horrible dreams harrow up and affright my soul.

22. In my sleep I behold tygers and mad bulls running after me to devour

devour me; or the wicked one, armed with a dreadful pitchfork, and surrounded with flames of sulphur, preparing to seize me.

23. Then I start up, and awake from my sleep, but I meet no comfort; for behold my misery in the day exceedeth that in the night.

¶ 24. I am now exceedingly afflicted, yea I am vexed fore, and despair hath laid on my spirits her heavy weights, which will prevent them from rising again.

25. I am doomed to destruction, but behold, there is none to help me.

26. My

26. My lovers and friends stand aloof. They that in the day of prosperity partook of my dainties, and made me warm professions of *eternal* friendship, now hide themselves from me.

27. My lamentations, one would think, should soften mine adversaries ; but they are fierce as hungry *Hyrcanian* tygers, or the wild bulls of *Basan*.

¶ 28. Oh, that my words were written in a book, for then my troubles would be known of every one. They might, peradventure, excite compassion in the breast of  
some

some man in power, and so might  
I be released from confinement.

29. But I shall no more feel comfort. I am cut off from the cheerful face of man, to dwell with brutes.

30. Oh that I were a linnet or a canary bird, for then would I fly away, and be at rest.

31. My apartments, I fear, are stripped of their furniture, my strong-box broken open, and the yellow-boys, whose jingling was music to mine ears, stolen away.

32. Oh, that the iron hand of death was laid on me, and I was gathered to my fathers; for my soul is exceeding sorrowful, and my body wasteth away daily.

*Here endeth the* BOOK of LAMEN-  
TATIONS.

C H A P.



## C H A P. XXVI.

*Our Hero's friends discontinue their visits.——Father O'FENAGHTY taken into keeping by a wealthy widow.——He forges an order, and robs our Hero of his furniture.——Our Hero discharged from confinement.——Relieved by a Brother-Actor.——Retaliates the obligation.——Reforms his conduct.——His advice to the young and thoughtless.*

**O**UR hero's friends Mr. Mc. SHANNON and Father O'FENAGHTY visited him pretty frequently at first, but they soon declined taking

F f

that

that trouble, finding there was no prospect of his ever being of further service to them. Besides, they had engaged in professions that made it somewhat inconvenient for them to be seen in *Bridewell*; that is to say, Mr. Mc. SHANNON had turned knight of the post, or affidavit-man in general, for pettifogging attornies and *Newgate* solicitors; and his friend Father O'FENAGHTY had been taken into the *service* of an antient, wealthy and devout widow, who chose him, in preference to several other priests, who had tendered their services to her, to administer that spiritual consolation to her she loved to her very soul.

BUT

BUT before Father O'FENAGHTY had entered into the widow's service, being somewhat bare of cash, and thinking our hero's goods and furniture might be of use to him, he forged an order as from our hero, to the landlord, to deliver them to himself; and they were accordingly delivered, and soon converted into money by the *icious* Jesuit.

It is impossible to represent the pain and grief our hero endured in being confined in a disagreeable, odious prison; frequently in company with the worst kind of malefactors, of both sexes, who were imprisoned there when *Newgate*

and *Clerkenwell-Prison* were full ; often associating with wretches who were almost eaten up by vermin, and who had scarce cloaths to cover their nakedness ; and perpetually uneasy in his own mind, at finding his friends declined their visits, and that there was no prospect of his enlargement before the expiration of the six months he had been sentenced for,

HE sent to his landlord, as soon as he had an opportunity, requesting him to take care of his furniture, which was very valuable ; but how astonished was he to hear, that it had been delivered to Father  
O'FE-

O'FENAGHTY, in compliance to an order he had produced, and which the landlord had no sort of doubt but was of the hand-writing of our hero!

THIS news was an addition to his grief, but there was no remedy at present. He determined, however, as soon as he was at liberty, to indict the priest for forgery; and he had no sort of doubt but, with his landlord's assistance, to prove the fact, and make him end his days at Tyburn.

THE six months being expired, our hero was set at liberty, ragged, friendless and pennyless. He called



on several of his *quondam* friends, but they all shunned him like the plague, except an Actor belonging to *Drury-lane* Theatre, who occasionally appeared in the character of second HARLEQUIN. He was so far from shunning him, that he enquired into his circumstances and history, and having learnt his distresses, presented him with a very good suit of cloaths, and promised to share his earnings with him, till he was in a capacity of doing for himself.

Our hero was so affected with the humane and generous behaviour of this worthy man, that he could not avoid shewing it by a tear. He  
accepted

accepted his offer, however, with a grateful shame; but determined to exert his utmost endeavours to acquit himself of the obligation as soon as possible.

It was not long before he had it in his power. His friend, in making a leap one night in a favourite pantomime, bruised himself greatly, owing to the people behind the scenes not holding the bed that was to receive him properly, so that he fell on the stage. The Manager was distressed for a person to supply his place. Our hero went to him instantly, and offered his services. They were accepted; and he was engaged

engaged at a salary of three pounds a week.

He was proud of being able to serve his friend, who was confined to his room for some time. He attended on him constantly, did him all the kind offices in his power, and smoothed the bed of anguish, by his constant endeavours to blunt the edge of pain, and cheer his dejected spirits. This humane, this grateful conduct he continued to observe, 'till his friend was restored to his health.

He made the strictest enquiries he could to discover where Father O'FENAGHTY was, but could not  
for

for a long time hear any thing of him. At length, he was informed, that his connections with the wanton widow were dissolved, she having taken into her service another Jesuit of greater parts and abilities than O'FENAGHTY's: That O'FENAGHTY, finding himself discarded for some mal-practices, quitted *London*, and returned to his native country.

OUR hero now lived very well. He had a good salary, was much respected, and saved some money. He looked with abhorrence on his past life, which he found had not been productive of any real satisfaction to him. He had often read,  
and

and had heard from the pulpit, and from some few serious men, that *happiness* was only to be acquired by the practice of *virtue*. He determined to try the truth of the maxim by experience. He did so, and found it was built on the most certain and substantial foundation; and from his heart-felt conviction of it, he now recommends to all inconsiderate young men, who have unhappily deviated from virtue and prudence, to make the same trial as he has done. That trial *cannot* injure them; and it *may*, nay it *will* be a source of the purest and most permanent happiness.

F I N I S.





